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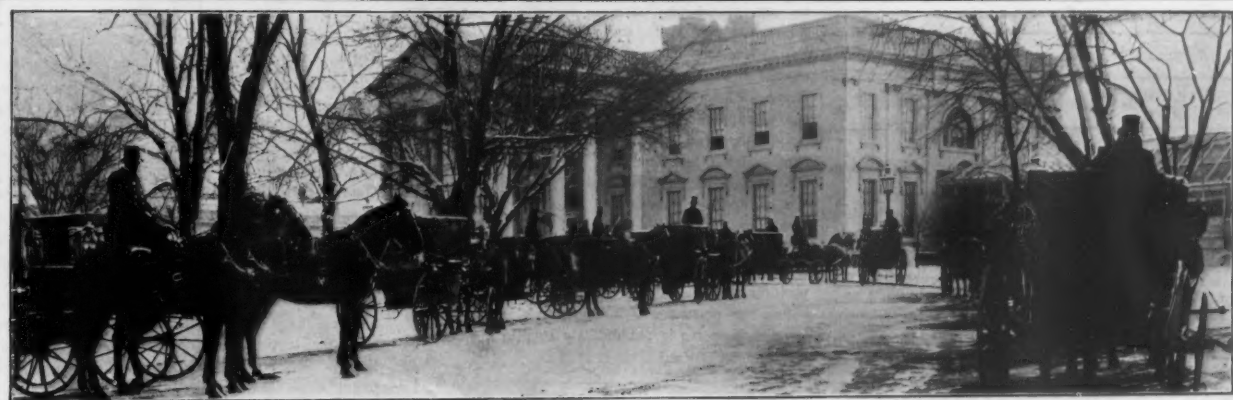
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GENERAL MILES, GENERAL CORBIN AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE ARMY, EN ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY



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ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE HIGH OFFICERS OF THE NAVY ON THEIR WAY TO CALL ON THE PRESIDENT

THE ARMY AND NAVY CALL ON THE PRESIDENT

(SEE PAGE 9)

COLLIER'S

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New York January Thirteenth 1900

THE ARRIVAL of Major-General Wood in Havana for the purpose of assuming the functions of Governor-General in Cuba has been, and should have been, accepted by all intelligent Cubans as a conclusive proof of the intention announced in the President's third annual message to prepare the island as quickly as possible for independence. No man had a harder task than was set before him in Santiago, which has always been the most disorderly, the least tractable and the most suspicious province in Cuba, and the skill with which he performed it is evident from the respect, confidence and affection which he there elicited. For the prison reforms which he instituted in Santiago there is grievous need in the other provinces, and those who know something about the treatment of prisoners in Cuba under the old régime will learn with a thrill of relief that this was the first matter to which General Wood directed his attention. A peculiarity of this man is that he uses his own eyes and ears; he does not delegate to subordinates the duty of investigation. The monstrous outrages to which prisoners have been immemorably subjected in the island will not long survive his entrance upon the duties of a Governor-General. Neither will the sanitary precautions, hitherto imperfectly provided in the cities of Central and Western Cuba, be any longer neglected. At the same time, it is possible that General Wood's popularity may be, for a time, diminished in Havana, as it was, temporarily, in Santiago, for he will not a moment tolerate the all-pervasive speculation with which the business of tax-gathering has been, time out of mind, infected in Cuba. Naturally, the Havana Custom-House has always been the chief nest of corruption, because there cheating is most lucrative. For generations, it has been the custom for importers to conspire with Custom-House inspectors to undervalue their goods, and to share with the dishonest officials the money of which the Government has been robbed. The same knavery was practiced on a small scale in Santiago, but it was stopped by General Wood, and the tricky Havanese will soon discover that the day for cheating the Treasury is over. General Wood believes in paying a fair salary, but he

expects honest work in return. When the bulk of Cuban taxpayers learn how greatly the revenues accruing from the Havana Custom-House may be increased by a rigorous enforcement of honesty, they will thank the new Governor-General for setting an example which the island, when independent, should be ashamed not to follow. Passing from economical to political innovations, we may take for granted that General Wood's experience in Santiago has qualified him to prepare the inhabitants of the other provinces for independence. From the outset of his occupation of his former office, he acted upon the assumption that, if there were local political work to do, a Cuban should be employed to do it, if possible. Now that he has been transferred to the post of supreme authority at Havana, we may undoubtedly take for granted that, after a year has elapsed from the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty with Spain, local self-governments will be established in all the Cuban municipalities, and measures will be forthwith taken to elect a convention for the purpose of framing a constitution for the independent Cuban republic.

WHAT PROSPECT is there of an intervention in favor of the Transvaal on the part of the Continental Powers? We answer, None, so long as Germany maintains an attitude friendly to Great Britain. But suppose a neutral cargo of flour in transit to a neutral Portuguese port under the German flag should be seized by a British cruiser? Would the high-handed proceeding be received by the Berlin Foreign Office with as much tolerance and equanimity as have been exhibited by our State Department? Suppose that England should go further, and, on the plea that the Boers were receiving supplies from the port of Lorenzo Marquez, should seize Delagoa Bay, the property of Portugal, a friendly power? That would not be a more unjustifiable act than was the burning of the Danish fleet in the harbor of Copenhagen, while England was at peace with Denmark, on the pretext that, if it were not destroyed, her enemy, Napoleon, might turn it to account. Great Britain is now most strongly tempted to occupy Delagoa Bay, not only because Lorenzo Marquez is the sole port through which the Boers may hope to secure supplies, but because the railway, stretching thence to Pretoria, offers by far the shortest and easiest route to invaders of the Transvaal. If we may judge from the meekness with which our State Department has submitted to the treatment of American flour as contraband of war, we have no reason to suppose that it would utter a word of protest against the piratical violation of the territorial rights of a neutral but feeble power. Very different might be the attitude which Russia and France would take in the contingency supposed. Vehement remonstrance would be heard from Paris and St. Petersburg, but whether this would be followed by a threat of war would depend entirely, as we have said, upon the position taken by Kaiser William II. That is why, before the present war in South Africa is over, the German Emperor is not unlikely to play the welcome rôle of international arbiter.

THE SEIZURE of American flour by a British cruiser would, if the relations of our State Department with the British Foreign Office were less studiously friendly, be a very serious incident. Three cargoes were seized, but we select for discussion the seizure of the flour belonging to a neutral American citizen which was on board of a neutral Dutch ship, bound from a neutral American port to a neutral Portuguese port in Delagoa Bay. Here we have, unquestionably, a flagrant breach of the rights of neutrals. According to the Declaration put forth at Paris in 1856, to which Great Britain was a party, free ships make free goods. That is to say, a ship flying a neutral flag makes the cargo also exempt from seizure, even if it be an enemy's property, provided, of course, it be not contraband of war. In the instance which we have chosen for comment the flag was neutral, and the cargo conveyed was also neutral. The seizure, therefore, cannot be justified, except upon the theory that food is contraband of war. Now, for nearly half a century, no authority on international law has classed food staples among things contraband, except in the carefully defined cases when it could be proved that the food conveyed under a neutral flag was designed for the succor of an enemy's fleet, or destined for an enemy's port in which a hostile fleet lay blockaded, or for a beleaguered army which could only look for supplies from sea. None of these specifications apply to the Dutch vessel which, under a neutral flag, was conveying a neutral American cargo to a neutral Portuguese port. That the American flour, once landed

in Portuguese territory, might have been transported by rail to the Transvaal is conceivable, but the British have no right to assume that the food thus acquired would be consumed by the Boer soldiers, instead of by the Boer non-combatants. It is true that, in 1885, while France was engaged in what was virtually, but was never a declared, war with China, she announced that she should treat as contraband of war all rice which should be shipped to Chinese ports north of Canton. In the face, however, of the protest, which was immediately made by England, the asserted intention was never carried out. For nearly half a century, therefore, there is no valid precedent for England's present treatment of flour as contraband of war. To defend her position, she must revert to the practice which she followed during her wars against the French Republic and Empire, when she endeavored to cripple her enemy by seizing food supplies shipped from the United States to France. By the Jay Treaty, concluded in 1794, we made the egregious mistake of conceding her right to do so, provided the owners of the neutral cargo captured should be ultimately compensated by the captor. That treaty has long ceased to be binding upon us, having been extinguished by the War of 1812, and the particular concession relating to food cargoes has never since been made by us. In treating, therefore, neutral American flour, shipped on a neutral Dutch vessel to a neutral Portuguese port, the British Government has made two portentous mistakes. It has perpetrated an outrage upon the United States, the only great power which, at present, regards England with goodwill, and has given Irish-Americans and, probably, German-Americans as well, a specious ground for demanding that our State Department take peremptory and indignant measures of remonstrance, under penalty of repelling their votes from the Administration at the coming general election. If the British Foreign Office is possessed of common sense, it cannot wish to see a Democratic Secretary of State supplant the obsequious Mr. Hay, who has submitted his respectful request for an explanation of the flour incident by mail, apparently oblivious of the fact that the transatlantic cables are still open for business. The damage, however, which the British Foreign Office may inflict upon the McKinley Administration by the seizure of American flour, if this be not sternly and quickly resented, is a matter of insignificance from the British point of view, compared with the tremendous danger with which England herself is threatened by the establishment of the principle that neutral food transported under a neutral flag from one neutral port to another may be treated as contraband of war. It would be an act of insanity for the British Government to estop itself from the right to protest against such a principle. The fate of the United Kingdom hangs upon the maintenance of the opposite theory. In the later years of the last, and the first fourteen years of the present, century, England could afford to treat food as contraband of war, because, at that time, the United Kingdom itself produced nearly enough food supplies for its own consumption, and if, perchance, there were a slight deficit, this could be easily made good, because England was absolute mistress of the sea. How different is the situation now. Only a fraction of the food required to nourish its inhabitants is produced in the United Kingdom. For the great majority of its nutriment, it must rely on transmarine purveyors. According to some students of the subject, it has food supplies at any given moment for only a few days ahead; none contends that its stores would suffice for more than a week or two in the absence of transmarine contributions. Let it once become an acknowledged rule of international law that food is contraband of war, or let England, by her own conduct, preclude herself from objecting to the application of such a principle, and the principal obstacle to an anti-British coalition of the Continental powers is obviously removed. Those powers have nothing to fear from such a principle. They have no reason to dread starvation. France and Germany could, at a pinch, produce all the food needed for their respective populations; as for Russia, she almost always has a surplus of foodstuffs for export. But what could England do, no matter how gallant a fight she might make against the collected battleship of her enemies, and no matter how stoutly she might resist a passage of the Channel by an invading army, provided scores of commerce-destroyers should scour the Atlantic and cut off American vessels bearing to the famished inhabitants of Britain the necessities of life? If the unlucky war in South Africa, into which Mr. Chamberlain has plunged his countrymen, should have for one of its disastrous consequences the establishment of the principle that food is contraband of war, we do not envy him the place which he will occupy in English history.



VIEW OF THE PANAMA CANAL EXCAVATIONS AT A DISTANCE OF THIRTY-TWO MILES FROM THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS, SHOWING FRENCH EXCAVATORS LOADING CARS

THE PANAMA OR NICARAGUA CANAL—WHICH?

STATEMENTS BY REPRESENTATIVE HEPBURN, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON INTER-STATE AND FOREIGN COMMERCE, AND REAR-ADMIRAL ENDICOTT, MEMBER OF THE CANAL COMMISSION APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, ON THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION OF THE CENTURY

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM P. HEPBURN of Iowa, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and an acknowledged authority on Isthmian Canal matters, has, in response to a request from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, made this statement regarding the situation with respect to the construction of an Isthmian waterway:

"I do not see that the situation with respect to the question of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal has changed since the matter was considered and reported upon by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce during the last session of Congress. The concession of the Maritime Canal Company has been declared forfeited by the State of Nicaragua, and the Eyre-Cragin syndicate claims to have obtained certain rights, and the Panama Canal Company, originally a French corporation, has taken out American articles of incorporation. The transfer of the concession to the Eyre-Cragin syndicate does not lessen the objections to the assistance by this government of a private corporation in building a canal across Nicaragua, nor does the Americanization of the Panama company remove the stain of corruption with which that enterprise is tainted. Careful consideration of all the evidence collected by the committee of which I am chairman strengthens the view that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be undertaken by this government along the lines of the bill favorably reported last February. This measure was intended as a substitute for the Senate bill proposing to amend the charter of the Maritime Canal Company, and then to reorganize the company by the appointment of a majority of the board of directors by the President of the United States, and to use that corporation as its agent for constructing and operating the canal. Briefly, it is as follows:

"The first section authorizes the President to obtain control from Costa Rica and Nicaragua of such territory as may be required on which to build the canal and appropriate such sum of money as may be required to purchase the same.

"The second section provides that when the President has secured the needed territory he shall direct the Secretary of War to construct the canal from near Greytown to a point near Brito of such capacity as will accommodate vessels of the largest tonnage and greatest draught, also to construct harbors and all needed fortifications and defences.

"The third section authorizes the President to detail engineer officers from the army and navy, and to employ engineers from civil life, and authorizes the Secretary of War to enter into contract for the completion of the whole or parts of the work.

"The fourth section requires that the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua shall be used so far as the same are available.

"The fifth section authorizes the President to guarantee to Nicaragua and Costa Rica the use of the canal, on such terms as may be agreed upon, for all vessels owned by those States or citizens thereof.

"The sixth section appropriates for the completion of the work and authorizes the sum of \$115,000,000 to be drawn from time to time, as the same shall be needed.

"In regard to the acquisition of territory by this government along the route of the projected canal, no one can say with authorized positiveness, of course, that it will be sold to us. It is the opinion of many well-informed men, however, that no great difficulty will be experienced in arranging for the cession. In testifying before the Senate Committee on the Nicaragua Canal, Rear-Admiral Walker asserted that gentlemen in Nicaragua with whom he talked declared they preferred dealing directly with the United States in the construction of the canal rather than suffer the annoying delays incidental to private control. Both Admiral Walker and Professor Haupt, who were connected with the last Nicaraguan Commission and are to-day members of the Isthmian Canal Commission, declared that the people of Nicaragua are very friendly disposed toward the construction of the waterway by the United States, and Professor Haupt announced that if the Zavala Treaty had been ratified it would have been acceptable to them. The territory we need for our purpose is a narrow strip, mainly along the border of Nicaragua, and is at present but sparsely settled and of slight commercial value. Its cession would move the frontier of Nicaragua a short distance back along the San Juan, and it would establish for both Nicaragua and Costa Rica a well-defined and defensible boundary, where none at present exists.

"I suppose Nicaragua and Costa Rica, as governments, would prefer that private capital build and operate the canal. This was their intention years ago, when they believed it would be practicable to obtain sufficient private funds to execute the work. With the passage of time, however, and the repeated disappointment of their hopes, and with the prospect of success constantly diminishing, the sentiment of the people has undergone a change. Since it became evident that the feeling throughout the United States for the building of a canal had grown to such proportions that the question of its construction would soon be favorably determined, there has been a reorganization of the French company and renewed activity in pushing the work, and, in the hope of obtaining additional advantage, the French company finally determined to take out American articles of incorporation. New plans have been adopted by the Panama company, which promise to overcome the grave physical obstructions which have been such a serious bar in the way of the completion of the enterprise. Besides the tens of millions of dollars squandered in carrying on the work, eighty-eight millions are said to have been spent in the construction thus far completed, amounting to two-fifths of the entire length of the proposed waterway. Representatives of the company who appeared before the committee asserted that the company possessed \$30,000,000 of assets other than the canal, and, provided the United States did not undertake the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, they declared the company would be able to negotiate a loan sufficient to complete the project.

"The completion of the Panama Canal would mean the death of the Nicaragua scheme. Certainly two canals will not be built. And if the Nicaragua project should fail, it is evident that the State of Nicaragua would be deprived of the increase in population, commerce and wealth promised by the construction of a waterway through her territory. Appreciating the great advantages which she would secure by the construction of a canal within her boundaries and the immense loss she would suffer in case of the completion of the Panama waterway, I feel confident that the territory necessary for the projected canal will be ceded to the United States should we seriously endeavor to obtain it. If corporations or persons claim to have suffered in consequence of the invasion of their rights, let them apply to and obtain reparation from the governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. I do not see that they will suffer any grievous injury. The concessions they hold are for the construction of a canal that will cost \$100,000,000 or more. In view of the entire inability of the holders of these concessions to raise sufficient money to perform the work, it is evident that the franchises are worthless and that the loss they will sustain in consequence of the construction of the canal by the United States government is small indeed.

"To prevent any foreign nation from securing control of the proposed canal, the Nicaraguan government, in the concession granted to the Maritime Canal Company, especially prohibited the company from transferring the concession or any part of the land ceded to it to any foreign government. Under the Senate bill the United States is to construct the canal indirectly. It seems to me that the more honorable policy to pursue is to enter into open and friendly negotiation with the States concerned and pay them a fair price for the territory we need for the construction, operation, and defence of the improvement, and at the same time agree that vessels of the citizens of the two countries, upon proper terms, shall be allowed to use the canal.

"I am confident that the canal will be of great commercial and military advantage to the United States. Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the amount of tonnage that will use the route, one estimate being 300,000 and another 11,000,000 tons. While the distance from New York to Hong Kong by way of the projected Nicaragua Canal would be six or seven hundred miles shorter than by the Suez Canal, this advantage is offset by the excellent coaling facilities which lie along the latter route. With coaling stations, however, at both ends of the Nicaragua Canal, at Honolulu, Guam and Manila, this advantage will be materially lessened.

"In making an estimate of the amount of tolls that may be received from the use of the Nicaragua Canal, consideration must be given to the absence of convenient coaling stations. The space that vessels would give to freight when using the Suez route would have to be reduced in case the voyage should be through the

THE METHODS OF EXCAVATING AND PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE PANAMA CANAL



AT CULEBRA, 33 MILES FROM THE ATLANTIC

AT LA COROSITA, 27 MILES FROM THE ATLANTIC

AMERICAN CABLEWAY AT EMPERADOR
ON THE PACIFIC DIVIDETHE PANAMA CANAL,
9 MILES FROM COLONEXCAVATING THE PANAMA CANAL, 32 MILES
FROM THE ATLANTIC

Nicaragua waterway in order to provide room for additional coal and men. It is my opinion, however, that notwithstanding this disadvantage, the Nicaragua Canal, upon completion, will yield sufficient revenues to pay all operating expenses and such a rate of interest as the government would have had to pay should it have borrowed the money for its construction.

"I am satisfied that the feeling in Congress is that the canal should be built with as little delay as possible, and, as I have done in the past, I propose to use my best efforts to obtain legislation which will permit the early commencement of the great work. Among certain members of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee there is a disposition to proceed with the consideration of the bill for the construction of the canal without waiting for the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission."

REAR-ADMIRAL MORDECAI T. ENDICOTT, chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy Department, a civil engineer of high repute, and a member of the Canal Commission appointed by President Cleveland in 1895 to investigate and report upon the practicability of a canal across Nicaragua, gave this statement to COLLIER'S WEEKLY regarding his views in the matter of an Isthmian canal:

"A canal across the American Isthmus is of paramount importance to the United States. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the United States have not before now constructed such a waterway. I believe that if one of the great powers of Europe were situated as this country is it would have built a canal. It would have regarded it as a military necessity and would have acquired it by treaty or in some other way—forcibly, if necessary.

"The natural result of the construction

of the canal will be to bring the Pacific Coast, the Philippines, and Asia closer to the Atlantic Coast. In my opinion, the government should take sole possession of the waterway when built; if not I am afraid many important diplomatic questions will arise, and they will be the subject of interminable diplomatic negotiations.

"The immediate effect of the existence of an Isthmian waterway would be a powerful increase in the effective naval force of the United States. It is the policy to-day to maintain strong fleets in the North Atlantic and in the Pacific. The latter is the stronger to-day because of the necessity of maintaining a large blockading fleet in the Philippines and because of the questions involved in the acquisition of additional territory by this government. With the canal an accomplished fact, it would be possible to promptly mobilize the two forces into one effective fleet on either coast in danger of attack from an enemy.

"Between the Panama and Nicaragua Canals I doubt if there would be much difference in cost. When I was a member of the Ludlow Commission, we visited and inspected the Panama route in 1895. The French Company, controlling the canal, had up to that time expended more than \$300,000,000 in its construction, but

I suppose the value of the work done and the machinery and tools on hand is about \$60,000,000. It is estimated by the engineers (and, roughly speaking, I think the estimate is not far out) that the canal can be completed for \$100,000,000 more. This would make a total of \$160,000,000 as the actual cost of the canal. The United States might be able to purchase it more cheaply. The present project, under which the Panama Canal is being built, calls for a canal with locks. There are to be six locks, three on either side, making a long summit level. The projectors of this plan—and I believe the company's engineers indorse it—claim that it is entirely feasible.

"A canal across the State of Nicaragua is perfectly feasible. The property of the old company and the work done are of very little value, probably \$500,000. The Walker Commission presented a canal route differing but slightly from the project we outlined, except that we proposed one dam at San Carlos in the San Juan River and it proposed two dams. I think the later Nicaraguan Commission expressed a preference for what we call the low-level route from Ochoa to the sea. That is the route which we indicated might prove the more desirable, and recommended an appropriation of \$250,000 for a further investigation of that low-level route and other questions. One value of the Nicaragua over the Panama route to the United States lies in the fact that it is a shorter route between our two coasts. To the rest of the world, it would make little difference if the canal were at Nicaragua or Panama; in fact, it might regard the Panama route as the better because it is the shorter. In any event, it seems to me that the necessity of a canal across the Isthmus is stronger to-day than it ever has been, and I sincerely hope that it will not be long before we have a waterway between the two oceans."

NICARAGUA ENGINEERS AT BRITO, PACIFIC TERMINUS



THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL

THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL



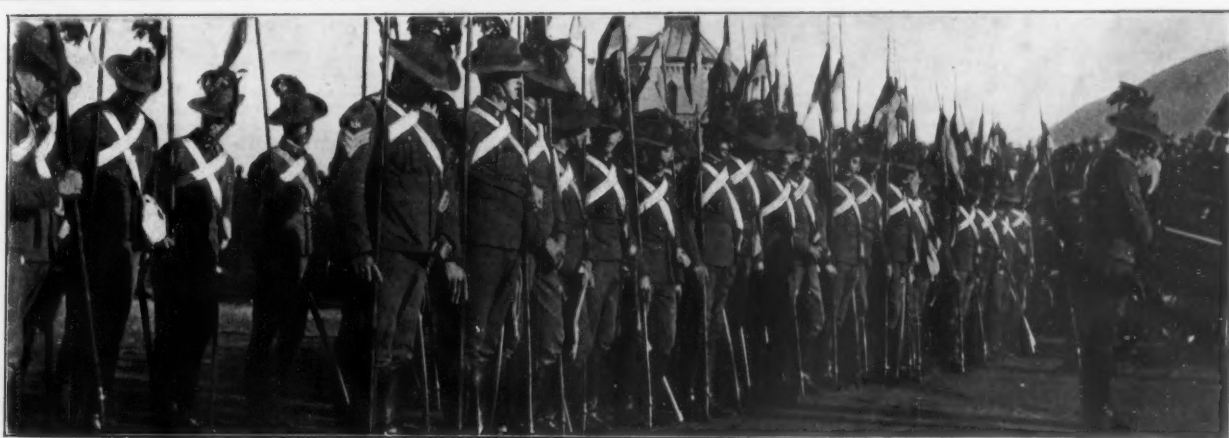
THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT GENERAL KOCH'S FUNERAL.



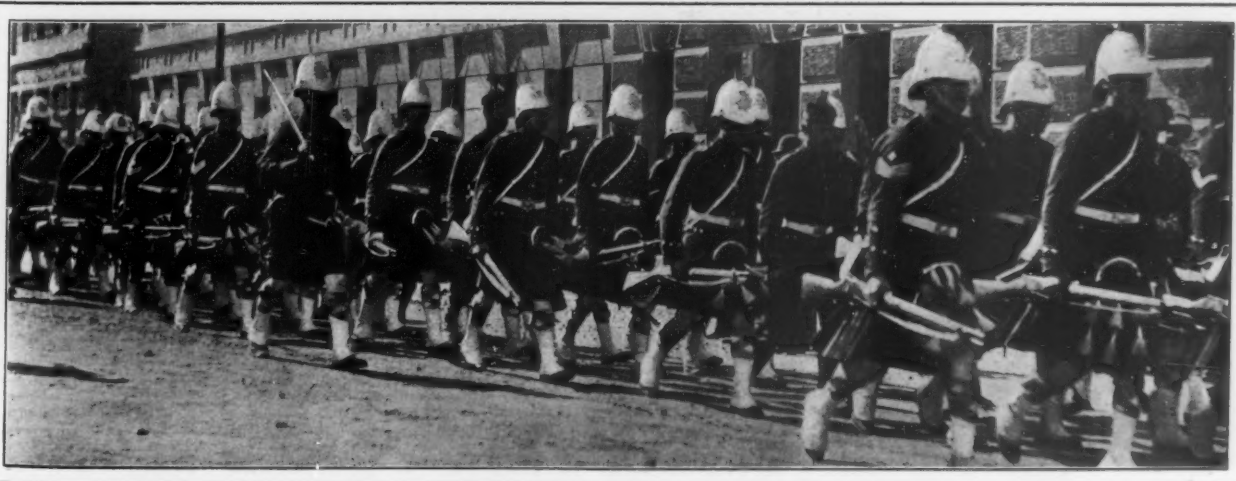
PRESIDENT KRUGER'S COACH IN THE FUNERAL CORTEGE



FUNERAL OF THE BOER GENERAL, KOCH, WHO FELL AT ELANDSLAAGTE, AT PRETORIA, NOVEMBER 2—ARMED BURGHERS AND THE HOLLANDER CORPS SERVING AS A GUARD OF HONOR



THE NEW ZEALAND COLONIAL REGIMENT IN THE BRITISH SERVICE (NOW AT THE FRONT) DRILLING AT CAPE TOWN



PICTURES FROM CAPE TOWN—HIGHLANDERS MARCHING THROUGH THE CITY TO ENTRAIN FOR THE FRONT



IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT BARGE OFFICE



SLAV



LAPLANDER



SLAVIC GIRLS CROSSING THE GANGWAY



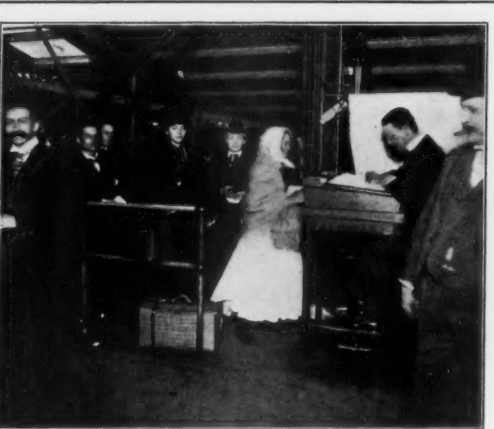
COURTROOM, BARGE OFFICE



RUSSIAN



POLE



PASSING THE RECORDER'S DESK

THE STRANGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

SOME TIME ago the Dead Letter Office in Washington received a foreign letter addressed to the "First House in America."

The chief clerk of the puzzle bureau sent the letter to the Federal Barge Office of New York, on the theory that this would be the first house entered by a foreign immigrant landing in America. His theory proved correct; for, when the letter was opened, it was found to contain a communication in Russian informing the Immigration Commissioner of the impending arrival of some Polish Jewesses who expected to be met at the Barge Office by their relatives.

"The first house in America" is not a bad description for the little gray stone building that stands at the tip end of New York, surmounted by a turret and flagstaff flying a faded specimen of Old Glory above the vertical stripes and stars of the Custom House.

This is where all immigrants admitted to New York first set foot on dry land. On one side is all the roar of a great seaport's traffic converging at the furthestmost ferry of Manhattan Island in the form of rumbling elevated trains, changing cable-cars, horse-cars, cabs, drays and delivery wagons, as well as a ceaseless stream of pedestrians brought here by a fivefold system of sub-urban ferries. On the other side is a diminutive public park on the water-front, where the harbor batteries and Castle Garden were wont to be, now overshadowed by the unsightly trestlework of elevated railways and high-lying skyscrapers. The little round fort that grew out of the first stockade erected by the early followers of Hendrik Hudson, after its latter-day career as a famous concert hall, has at last been converted into an Aquarium, and of the Battery nothing is left but the name; but still the place is one of the most stirring spots of New York.

Here the first settlers of New Amsterdam found their first drinking water in the New World, and here they gathered later to fight out their battles with the Indians. Under the shadow of the old fort Peter Stuyvesant long afterwaded hobbled about, vainly admonishing his burghers to resist the encroachments of the English. At this spot a century later were landed the shiploads of British redcoats and Hessians who were hurried to America to subdue the rebellious colonists, and here, subsequently, George Washington stepped ashore from his triumphal barge, what time he came to New York to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States.

Apart from these historical associations, the place is one of the most fascinating bits of New York. The high sea wall of the Battery commands a superb view of the harbor and bay, with Governor's Island, Castle William and the Liberty Statue well to the fore, while the green shores of Staten Island and the Narrows glimmer purple in the distance. At this point the

waters of the Hudson River and of Long Island Sound swirl together, and all the ships that ply in these waters must pass by here. For this reason, doubtless, the ship-news office of the leading American press associations and great metropolitan newspapers has been established next door to the Barge Office, so that the correspondents and telegraph operators can have a good view of every vessel entering the harbor.

Here, at any hour of the day, some large ship may be seen, not a stone's throw from the Battery, closely skirting the sea wall as she comes about, while, shortly after nightfall, there comes a stately procession of brilliantly lighted passenger steamers making for Hell Gate and the New England coast. As they sweep around the Battery and past the Barge Office they have to pick their way through a bewildering maze of tugboats and steam ferries churning in and out of the slips adjoining the Barge Office.

The people who land from these ferries make the Barge Office and its immediate surroundings one of the most unique haunts of New York City. Yet the average New Yorker knows nothing of this except on the rare occasions when an international yacht race or other harbor excursion may coax him down to the "jumping-off place."

Most conspicuous are the United States soldiers and sailors, with an occasional officer in trim uniform, lounging about the Barge Office slip as they wait for the government cutters and ferries that are to take them across the bay to Castle William or to the men-o'-war anchorage off Staten Island. The bright-colored linings of their military capes and the glint of buttons and accoutrements give an unwanted touch of color to the scene.

These fighting men of gay plumage are all but eclipsed when the ferry from Ellis Island brings its horde of released immigrants. The fond relatives, lovers and bunco-steerers awaiting them at the Battery make a simultaneous rush forward. A gate swings open, and the self-sufficient sentry that strutted before it shrinks back abashed. Out trips an Italian *damogella* in a short skirt of peacock-green and a turban of bright vermilion silk over her head. On the top of her thickly-braided head she carries an immense bag filled, apparently, with more Sunday clothing of variegated hue. Behind her shuffles a swart, scrubby little man, with his hands buried in his corduroy breeches and with a stumpy pipe in his mouth—presumably her lord and master. Despite all his lordly airs, he and his madonna-faced woman are whisked off by a rascal of a truck driver, who undertakes to drive them and all their friends to a cheap Italian lodging-house, around the corner, at the rate of one dollar per head. Willy-nilly the poor Italians must succumb, yet the saints are

witnesses that an American dollar is accounted worth even as much as a scudo.

Not all are so gullible, however. There was my friend, the now famous sculptor whose handiwork stands out from all the other sculptors on the Dewey Arch. When he first set foot on American soil at this self-same Barge Office, with just one good dollar in his pocket, he turned a deaf ear on all these beguilers. Neither the swift-gliding street cars nor the elevated cars rattling overhead could swerve him from his old-world notions of economy and thrift. In his hand he clutched a slip of paper, giving this address, "10 4th Street"; and so, trusting to his own good legs, he walked bravely into the strange city and up Broadway. By dint of showing the paper slip to a score of policemen or more he reached Union Square, and, following the throng, passed Madison Square, and so presently walked his way up to Central Park and through it into the chilly northern regions of Bloomingdale and Harlem. At last, toward the close of this long, long day, the region of One Hundred and Fourth Street was reached, in those days a bare tract of prospective real estate, inhabited only by squatters and their goats. A small boy who spoke German finally made it clear to the foreigner that he should have gone to No. 10 Fourth Street. So the luckless immigrant trudged back again over nine or ten miles of stone flagging till, at last, he turned up at the right place near midnight.

Such are the trials that beset a stranger in a strange land. It is partly for the purpose of protecting immigrants from like pitfalls or worse that the Barge Office assumes such despotic control of all those who land on our shores as immigrants.

The present system is to land on Ellis Island all immigrants that have been passed by the physicians of the quarantine station boat, which meets all incoming vessels. Those that have not passed the doctors' tests are quarantined on one of the two small islands in the outer bay. For all the others Ellis Island is virtually the first stepping-stone toward admission into this country.

Here commodious buildings have recently been erected to take the place of the insufficient quarters that were burned to the ground a few years ago. How large these accommodations must be may be inferred from the fact that sometimes three or four immigrant steamers arrive in the harbor almost simultaneously, each carrying from five hundred to two thousand passengers. For all these people quarters must be found at once. The suspicious cases, either from a medical or legal point of view, must be isolated; the men and women must be separated; food must be provided so as to be within reach of all; dutiable luggage must be appraised, and all other immediate emergencies must be settled before the real work of sifting out the immigrants can begin.



THE PRISONERS' PEN AT THE GARDEN



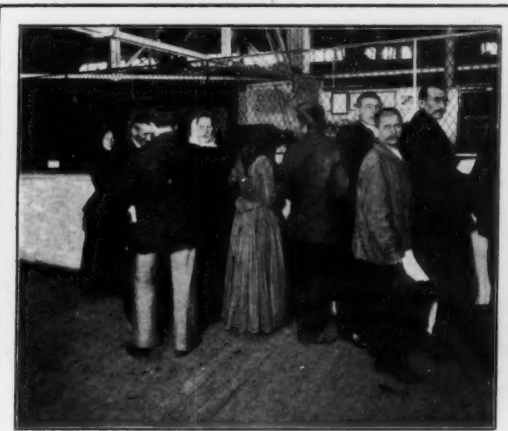
MAGYAR



ITALIAN



DINING-ROOM IN THE BARGE OFFICE



BUYING TICKETS FOR THE MOB



SERVIAN



RUSSIAN JEW



A LOAD OF IMMIGRANTS

This sifting process, thanks to our bewildering immigration laws, is a laborious affair. All those that have no money to speak of in their possession are turned back as paupers. Women, minors and aged folk, presumably dependent on others, are turned back, no matter how well they may be supplied with funds, unless they are met at the Barge Office by some one responsible for their support. Workmen and artisans who have been specifically engaged to do certain work for somebody in this country are turned back as contract laborers. All these and other grounds for restriction the immigration officials must have at their fingers' ends, and they must be able to cope with no end of other complications that are bound to spring up among so many freshly-arrived foreigners with no inkling either of our language or our laws.

Theoretically these officials are more or less competent to deal with all these questions, having passed a searching civil service examination with this end in view; but, as a matter of fact, it would take a past master in diplomacy to disentangle some of the situations that are constantly arising. So far from being diplomats, the immigration officials, especially those of the lower grades, are apt to become so calloused by their calling that they actually make matters worse by an acquired lack of ordinary human sympathy or consideration.

Thus the most heartrending scenes may be witnessed at the Barge Office almost daily—partings, bereavements, and the cruel treacheries of those supposed to be most dear—yet they scarcely elicit more than a shrug of boredom from the uniformed individuals ensconced behind their desks and gratings.

A case in point was the recent stranding of an entire Italian operatic company which had been engaged to make a tour in South America. They were not immigrants, but merely passengers who had reached their first relay station, and they had an impresario to look out for their welfare. This gentleman disappeared temporarily for the ostensible purpose of procuring steamship tickets for his whole troupe from New York to

South America. When he did not return on the next day the officials at the Barge Office became suspicious, and made immediate preparations to ship all the singers and players back to Italy as paupers, according to the letter of the law. Though the tenor raved and the basso swore, aided by a chorus of indignant recitative from the prima donna and other cantatrices, our officers were obdurate, and would have bundled them back where they came from had not the Italian consul-general in New York and the ambassador of the Court of Savoy at Washington raised such vigorous protests that some leeway was granted to the unfortunate musicians. This proved to be in the nick of time, for next day the impresario turned up, smiling, and with pockets full of money, and so his unfortunate wards got out of this unwelcome encounter with Uncle Sam.

I recall another more pitiable case witnessed by myself on one occasion when a German friend appealed to me in behalf of an old family servant whom he had induced to come over to this side to continue in the service of his former master's son. The man had burned his ships behind him, but as he had shown the letter from his young master re-engaging him in his service, it was pronounced to be a clear case of contract labor, and we had to suffer the chagrin of seeing the old servant re-embark on his ship to return to his country, so that he might return from there again in the guise of a free man who, technically at least, had not yet entered the employ of the only friend he had on this side. This, however, was not the pitiable case referred to above.

The thing that excited our pity on that day was the situation of two old people, a well-to-do peasant and his wife from Norway, who had come to this country on the urgent invitation of their only son, who had established himself as a prosperous farmer somewhere in Wisconsin. The old folk had plenty of money, and resented it deeply that they should be confined in the paupers' pen, since they were eager to continue on their journey to the Northwest; but, in spite of their protests and entreaties, they were both shipped back to Europe, simply because their son, instead of coming

to New York to meet them in person, had contented himself with writing a letter giving full particulars how to reach Wisconsin. Proud as they were, the old people were stricken with grief at this turn of events, and the aged mother wept bitterly as she repeated again and again, "I feel it in my bones that I shall never see our child again."

These are only isolated instances of the human tragedies that are enacted time and again within the walls of the Barge Office.

On the other hand, there are likewise comedies and joyous scenes, such as the meetings of long-lost friends and lovers. It is touching to watch the forlorn foreign maidens who are put ashore at the Barge Office, white-stockinged and ample-skirted, as they throw themselves into the arms of their betrothed lovers, who as a rule are constrained to marry their fiancées then and there. Others, of a more stolid nature, will simply clasp hands, and then, without another word, proceed to walk out into the New World hand in hand, until they are stopped by the zealous officials, who insist on having the marriage ceremony performed in their presence.

To a lover of liberty all this must needs seem somewhat officious and paternal, but it must be conceded by those who are familiar with the vicissitudes of immigration that such interference on the part of the government is really for the best.

Then, when the would-be immigrants have at last passed all the official barriers, they are allowed to walk out of the Barge Office and into the greatest city of the New World, freer and more untrammelled than they ever were at home. They wander forth in groups of two, or sometimes in clusters, tagging along behind some leader, who knows the ropes. Thus they straggle into Battery Park and up Broadway, craning their necks to take in the toppling heights of the skyscrapers or stopping stockstill to stare open-mouthed after the first negro that happens to cross their path.

A few more blocks and the little stream of new blood from the old country is swallowed up in the pulsing tide of life of our Western Hemisphere.

"NO GOOD TER DE COUNTRY"

BY FRANK L. STANTON

DEY tells me I don't 'mount ter nuttin'. I knows dat I gray en I ol',
En somehow my j'int is techous, en shake w'en de win' blowin' col'.
"In de way!"—so dey say—so dey tells me: dey allus a-treatin' me bad:
"I des ain't no good ter de country!" . . . But I done give it all dat I had!

Seven sons
Wid guv' mint guns,
Gone whar' de bugles blow;
En some still fightin' de battles,
En some whar' de wil' grass grow!

Dey gone ter de war 'gin de Spaniels—what time dey wuz takin' on so;
My prop en my stay, dey went marchin' away, en 'twuz me dat fust tol' 'um ter go!
My ol' eyes wuz rainy dat mawmin'; but de heart what wuz in me wuz glad:
I des ain't no good ter de country, but I done give it all dat I had!

Sevens sons
Wid guv' mint guns,
Gone whar' de bugles blow;
En some still fightin' de battles,
En some whar' the wil' grass grow!

Some day de wars'll be over, en de boys'll come home f'im de fight;
En I reckon dey'll say w'en dey marchin' dis way:
"De ol' man done lef' us 'Good-night!'"
But I hopes—sence dey fit fer de ol' flag—dey'll think er me den en be glad:
Who wuzn't no good ter de country, but give it des all dat he had!

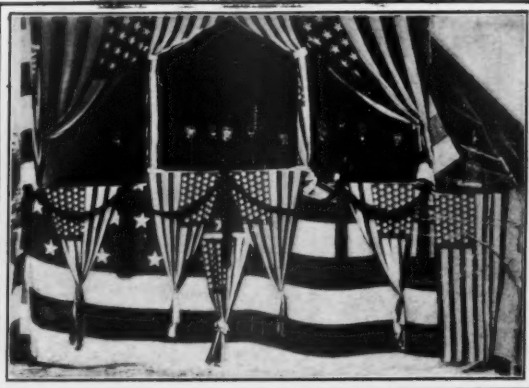
Seven sons
Wid guv' mint guns,
Gone whar' de bugles blow;
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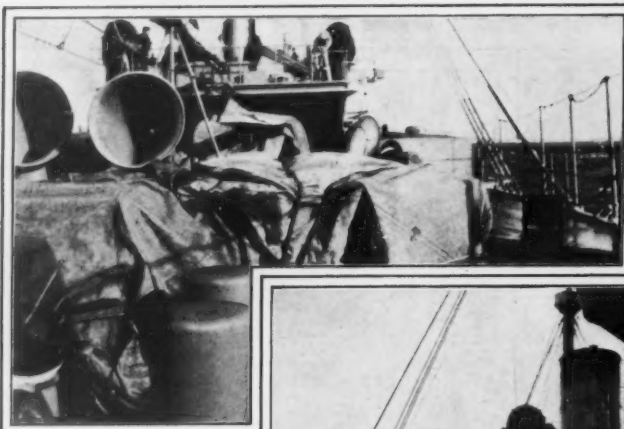
THE CUBAN GRAVE DIGGERS AT WORK



CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK



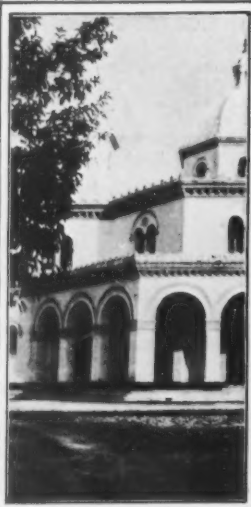
THE PRESIDENT, CABINET, AND ADMIRAL DEWEY



"LASHED DOWN"



IN COLON CEMETERY



THE CHAPEL



THE COFFINS ON THE DECK OF THE "TEXAS" AT HAMPTON ROADS



IN COLON CEMETERY



SAILORS PLACING WREATHS ON THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFINS OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD AT ARLINGTON
 THE REMOVAL OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD FROM HAVANA TO WASHINGTON



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, SECRETARY LONG, CAPTAIN SIGSBEE AND JERRY SHEA (SURVIVOR OF THE "MAINE" DISASTER) AT THE CEMETERY



CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK OF THE "MAINE" OFFICIATING AT ARLINGTON AT THE BURIAL OF THE BATTLESHIP'S DEAD

WASHINGTON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

WASHINGTON is engrossed to-day with its official and social duties. From his office in the White House, where he has been engaged during the entire day transacting the country's business, President McKinley is required at night to attend the various social functions which mark the winter season in the Capital, and there greet his Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, the Army and Navy, members of the National Legislature, and, finally, the August People.

Though Congress enjoyed a short respite during the Yule-tide from the work demanding its attention, the Administration has kept steadily at its routine, and the most important achievement it has effected, at least from an international point of view, is the assent of European governments and Japan to Secretary Hay's request for written assurances that the rights guaranteed by the United States by its treaties with China shall be preserved in the spheres of influence they claim or contemplate acquiring. Congress reassembled on the stroke of 12 on January 3, and its proceedings have been particularly interesting in the Senate, because of the discussion of the act for the establishment of the gold standard and the reformation of the currency, the Quay case, and the investigation by the Committee on Privileges and Elections into the charges made against Senator William A. Clark of Montana, whose election, it is alleged, was accomplished by the bribery of members of the Montana Legislature, and in the House by the continuance of the inquiry into the standing of Brigham H. Roberts, Representative-elect from the State of Utah, the consideration of appropriation bills, the efforts made by Boer sympathizers to precipitate an investigation into the relations of the United States and Great Britain, growing out of the seizure of American cargoes by British cruisers, and, finally, the attempts on the part of opponents of the Administration to institute an investigation into the charges of alleged favoritism Secretary Gage is said to have shown toward the National City Bank of New York in connection with the deposits of government moneys. Poor Secretary Gage! There is an effort on the part of certain of his enemies to bring about his removal from the Cabinet, either by resignation or request from the President. The Secretary asserts that his resignation is available whenever the President desires it. While he will not make any request that an investigation be made of his conduct with respect to the National City Bank, so confident is he that his course has been marked with

justice and fairness toward all financial institutions that he declares he will welcome a Congressional inquiry.

Officially, the social season began with the reception by the President and his Cabinet on New Year's Day. Missing from the line of those who called to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the United States was the Vice-President, whose absence was sadly noted by his many friends in the official circle. Standing in the line of Cabinet ladies receiving with the President was Mrs. Root, who has taken the place of the charming wife of General Alger, former Secretary of War. Lord Pauncefoot, resplendent in his uniform and decorations, headed, as its dean, the Diplomatic Corps, and then followed the black-robed Justices of the Supreme Court, led by Chief-Justice Fuller, whose flowing white locks contrasted strikingly with the sombre-colored gown he wore. There was a large representation of members of the Senate and House. Further down the line, in the rear of the Army, following, in fact, the youngest lieutenant of the Army in attendance, was George Dewey, the Admiral of the Navy. And Major-General Miles, though his junior by two grades, to the horror and indignation of the naval contingent here, actually preceded the Hero of Manila. This weighty question, in which both the Admiral and General Miles took a lively interest, was, after much discussion and shirking of responsibility by prominent officials, finally settled by the President, who directed that the military services be received in the order of the creation of their respective establishments. When the decision of the Chief Executive was announced, there was no disposition on the part of the officers directly concerned to protest against it, and the reception ended without the development of any outward evidence of dissatisfaction on the part of any of the prominent personages who figured therein.

Since the New Year's reception, there have been dinners given by the President to the Cabinet and by the Cabinet to the President, by the Secretary of State to the Diplomatic Corps, and by the Diplomatic Corps to the Cabinet and to its own members. And these official functions have been pleasantly supplemented by the dainty social affairs which the Admiral and Mrs. Dewey have given. The Admiral is suffering to-day from the effect of the return of the pendulum of popularity. He announced that he would—and, as he usually does, he carried out his intention—receive on New Year's Day at the home of Mrs. Dewey's mother, Mrs. Washington McLean. "Why doesn't he receive at the home given him by the American people?" immediately inquired the hypocritical. And, not content with private gossip, they began to make public criticism of the Admiral's action. The Admiral is getting very tired of the complaints which are being made as to his conduct, but he appreciates the fact that he is helpless and is relying upon the good sense of the American people to attach

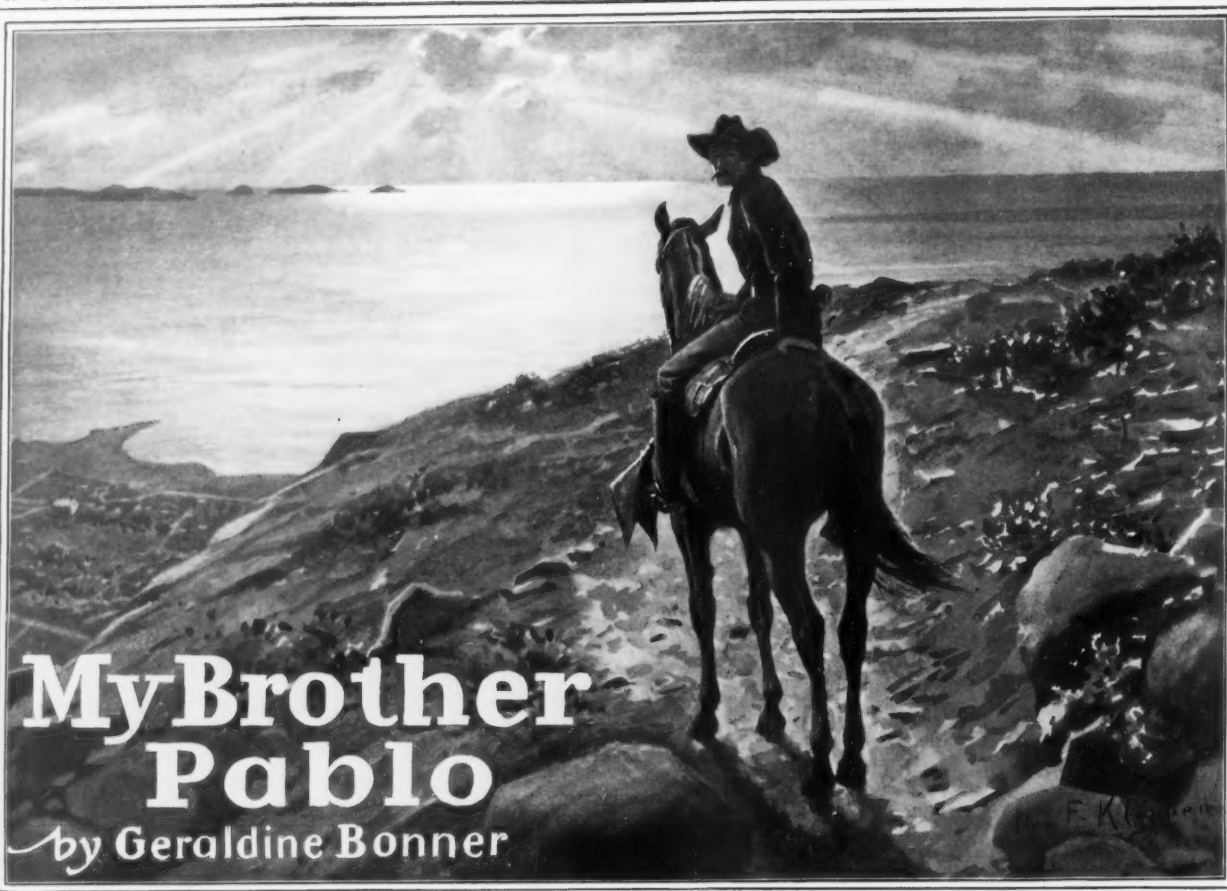
no importance to the slanderous statements that are being circulated about him.

Turning from the social and official events which have occurred during the past few weeks, I doubt if there were ever a more impressive occasion at Washington than that of the reinterment of the *Maine's* dead. Peacefully at rest in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., they lie, surrounded by the graves of their fathers of the Civil War, and their brothers of the war with Spain and the rebellion in the Philippines. The chill wind, which ruffles the surface of the glistening Potomac and which sighs through the pines and firs standing by the older tombs, sings the requiem.

In sympathy with the tribute paid by a Nation to her children, Nature donned a garb on the day of the ceremonies which added to the solemnity of the scene. Gray clouds, hanging low over Arlington, let the light fall in sombre tints upon the cemetery, a soft mantle of snow covered the bare earth and the mounds which contained the remains of other heroes, and the wind, softly moaning, silently kissed the draped caskets lying beside the new-made graves. Surrounded on three sides by the blue-uniformed sailors of the Navy, the marines, clad in blue and red, and cavalymen in their blue and yellow, and on the fourth by the official stand, draped in crape and the flag, and containing the black-coated civilians, the bright-uniformed officers, and the ladies in attendance, dressed in vari-colored costumes, the plot selected for the remains of the *Maine* heroes lay canopied in white, its surface dotted by yawning graves and the brown caskets, covered by the flag, which rested beside them. Following a dirge by the United States Marine Band, and the short burial services of the Episcopal and Catholic faiths, the former rendered by Chaplain Henry H. Clark, on duty at Annapolis, and the latter by Chaplain John P. Chidwick, who was attached to the *Maine* when she was destroyed, a detachment of marines stepped forward and, in compliance with the sharp command of their officer, fired three volleys. The soft, sweet notes of a bugle sounding "Taps" followed, and with the rendition of this requiem concluded the most intensely pathetic and befitting ceremony that has ever occurred at Arlington.

The one hundred and fifty-one graves containing the remains of the *Maine* dead have been marked, as far as possible, with the names of the men who died for their country, and a handsome granite monument will be placed in its centre to tell those who come to see the story how they lost their lives. Throughout the ceremonies at the cemetery, President McKinley, members of his Cabinet, Admiral Dewey, Major-General Miles, and other officers of the two services, stood with bared heads, and their sorrow mingled with that more openly expressed of relatives of the deceased, who had come to pay their final tribute of love.

C. O' L.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER

ARRIVED AT THE SUMMIT, HAWLEY . . . SWEEPED HIS SURROUNDINGS WITH A QUICK, EXPLORING GLANCE



FOR THE PAST HOUR, Hawley had been ascending, and yet the summit of the mountain road was still above him. Looking up, he could see it winding in loops of yellow dust through the gray-green of the chaparral. Back of him it lay like a pale-colored snake creeping along the slope of the mountain's

flanks. Now, uncertain as to his whereabouts, he drew rein. Round about him the hills rose rugged and cleft with bluish cañons. The silence which broods over the Californian landscape held the scene as in a spell. Looking back toward the ocean, Hawley could see strips of the wide, rich plains he had left early in the afternoon. He knew the direction in which San Geronimo lay dozing in the yellow sunlight, but the shoulder of the mountain hid it.

But Hawley had work to do which did not permit of idling. He was the new deputy sheriff of San Geronimo County, and in the absence of the sheriff had been entrusted with his first important mission. In his pocket lay a warrant for the arrest of Joaquín Lopez the bandit, whose last exploit had been the holding up and murdering of two harmless citizens on the road from Santa Barbara to Santa Ynez.

That afternoon an excited ranchman had ridden into San Geronimo with the story that Lopez had been seen, and was expected to pass the night in one of the adobes of friendly Greasers in the vicinity of Los Olivos. The new deputy had started on the moment, and to speed his course had taken a short cut through the wild and untravelled mountain trails.

Arrived at the summit, Hawley again drew up and, turning in his saddle, swept his surroundings with a quick, exploring glance.

From the other side of the summit the road took a sudden drop into a cañon that looked like a rift cut into the mountain's heart. The trail was torn almost into impassability by late rains, and dipped with an incredible steepness. Peering down, Hawley saw at the bottom of the cleft the yellow fluttering of sycamore leaves, and through the clear, still air heard the chuckling of water far below. He sat for a moment staring down in indecision. Then he gave a soft whistle, and, touching his horse with a caressing hand, murmured: "Hang me, Major, if I know where we are!"

The horse twitched his ears and gave a patient sigh. At the same moment Hawley leaned forward with an exclamation. Through the sycamore leaves below there was the twinkling of a light.

With a shake of the rein he started Major on the downward path. It was a fearful road. Gullies and gutters had been torn through it by recent rains and great, fibrous weeds had started up along its course. Hawley dismounted, but the jaded horse stumbled and staggered on the uneven footway, till it finally fell forward on a rolling stone. It rose with difficulty and moved onward with a limp. The deputy sheriff's exclamations did no good, and as he descended into the cold and gloomy shadows he knew that unless he could get succor from the dwellers by the light his quest was over for that night.

Dusk was dissolving into darkness in the bottom of the cañon. Between the trunks of the sycamores Hawley could make out the outline of a low, one-story house with a slanting roof, and a light in one of the windows. The sycamores sheltered it, and by daylight must have completely concealed it from the ridge above.

Leaving Major to drink at the creek which threaded a glimmering way under the darkness of the trees, Hawley approached and struck the door with a sharp knock. There was a loud, sudden exclamation from within, a sound of hurried movement, and the drawing aside of the curtain let a sliver of clear lamplight fall across the darkness. In this instant's opening of the curtain Hawley had a view of a woman's figure and heard the words "Es él" ejaculated in a woman's voice.

The next moment the door was opened and the same voice said in a quick, low tone: "Eres tú?"

A flood of light fell across the sill, and in the middle of it the young man stood bareheaded and smiling boyishly. A spasm of surprise, so marked that it was almost terror, passed over the face of the woman. She made some breathless ejaculation in Spanish, that to Hawley, who did not understand the language, sounded like an invocation or a prayer. Then she turned her head and called out a few sharply imperative sentences to some one behind her. This done, she turned back to Hawley and said in excellent English: "What do you want?"

The deputy sheriff in his turn had been almost as much astonished as she. At the first glance, with the light behind her, he had only seen her outline. At the second he saw her face, and he knew that it was the loveliest face he had ever seen. She was something he had dreamed of and thought to find and love in this remote and romantic land, a beautiful Spanish Californian. As he answered her with his rather foolish story of having lost his way and lamed his horse, he looked at her through the darkness, forgetting Lopez, the warrant, Los Olivos—everything. She was small, with luminous dark eyes. She was dressed in a calico petticoat above her ankles, and had a shawl crossed over her chest. This disfiguring costume did not hide the lines of one of those figures at once richly curved and delicate which belong to the women of southern countries and outdoor races.

As she listened to the young man's story she knit her brows and looked on the ground.

"I don't see how it's possible," said he, "to get to Los Olivos to-night on that horse and over such a trail."

She looked up quickly, plunging her deep glance into his fascinated eyes.

"Oh, no!" she answered, "you couldn't. The roads are too bad. No one comes that way at this season."

"I thought perhaps you could lend me a horse," he suggested. "I could return it to-morrow, and, of course, would be willing to pay a good price for it."

She again turned and exchanged some sentences in Spanish with the person she had addressed before. This third party now came forward into Hawley's line of vision and was an old, a preternaturally old, man, wrinkled and brown as an English walnut, with toothless gums, but a pair of very bright and keen eyes, with which he studied the young man. The dialogue

between them was low-voiced and rapid. When it was ended the girl said to Hawley:

"No; we're very sorry, but our horses are of no use. One's lame and one's too old to go far."

The old man came forward, accentuating her refusal with smiling nods, at the same time keeping his ferret-like gaze upon Hawley. The deputy sheriff felt that he was being scrutinized with something more than ordinary interest.

"Then, perhaps," he said, smiling at the girl's ungracious solemnity, "you could let me rest here for the night? There's no use trying to go on, and how I'm going to find my way back to San Geronimo over that road on a lame horse is something that would stump a better man than me."

The girl and the old man exchanged an uncertain glance and the quick, low-voiced dialogue passed between them again. This time there seemed to Hawley to be something of suppressed excitement in her manner. The colloquy over, she turned to him and said:

"Yes, if you like. Come in. He"—indicating the old man—"will put up the horse."

The old man shuffled out of a back door and Hawley entered.

The room was bare and, as is the manner of Spanish-Californian houses, opened straight into another room which, in its turn, had a back door opening into the yard. On the walls were a few high-colored prints of the Saviour and the Madonna. There was a table and a few chairs in the middle of the room, and in one corner a stove with cooking utensils lying on the floor beside it. The curtain was a length of white cotton.

The girl gave him a chair and took one herself near the door. The small kerosene lamp illumined her face, which seemed to the young man's excited imagination to be of unearthly beauty. She sat silent, not looking at him, but at intervals, as if by some mesmeric force, her lids slowly raised and the sombre fires of her eyes seemed to send a flame to his heart. Hawley, resting his folded arms on the table, suddenly felt himself impelled to lean forward toward her and say aloud: "You're very beautiful."

As she looked at him without answering he felt a draught of air behind him, and, turning, saw that the door was open and the old man had entered. Hawley thanked him for putting up the horse, but receiving no response save a nod of the head, turned to the girl somewhat uneasily, and was answered by her:

"That is my grandfather. He is very old—almost a hundred. He was here long before the gringos came and he doesn't speak English."

"You speak very good English," said Hawley. She nodded her head and answered: "I have lived in Santa Barbara and also in San Geronimo."

"Were you at school there?" asked the young man. "No," she returned, "I had relations."

The conversation dropped again. Hawley, in ordinary circumstances a garrulous and lively person, felt little desire to converse. The Spanish woman seemed to have thrown over him a strange, heady spell which made him content to sit and silently look at her. His steady gaze did not seem to disconcert but rather to inspire her to some subtle forms of coquetry.

Presently the grandfather addressed her in Spanish. The girl rose, went into the other room, where she

lighted a lamp and could be heard moving about. Then coming to the doorway she said to him:

"The room is ready for you. You can sleep now. We will wake you in the morning. There is no noise here and you can sleep well."

As his hosts seemed so anxious to be rid of him, Hawley could do nothing but acquiesce, and bid them good-night. The bedroom, opening directly from the living room, was close and stuffy, and was soon filled with the acrid odor of the bad oil.

He laid his revolver on the chair beside the bed and tried the door and window. Neither was locked, nor, as far as he could ascertain, had any appliances wherewith to lock them. He opened the window, pried it up with a piece of wood, and then threw himself fully dressed on the bed.

For a time he was wakeful, his ear alert for warnings of danger. As he lay he could hear the clear chinking of the stream outside, and could see between the leaves that grew round the window the twinkling of stars. Half a dozen times, as he was dropping off to sleep, the smothered murmur of voices from the room beyond shook him into sudden wakefulness.

At last he slept, and in his sleep dreamed that he was dashing down the guttered road to the house among the sycamores at fearful speed. Bits of broken earth and boulders rushed down the steep behind him, and the echo of his horse's hoofs was thrown and buffeted about between the mountain walls. They beat louder and louder, and nearer and nearer. They beat out of the dream into reality, and Hawley found himself sitting up on his bed, his hand groping for his revolver and the hollow thud of a horse's hoofs resounding through the night.

The confusion of mind incident on his sudden awakening only lasted a moment. He realized that a horse was approaching at terrific speed, probably running away. He heard its hoofs crashing from the hard roadbed on to the softer earth about the creek, then their splash in the water. There was a hurried movement in the room beyond, a sound of voices, and a smothered cry as the hoof-beats suddenly stopped. The door of his room was blown ajar, a long yellow ribbon of light cut across the darkness and slowly expanded as the door creaked softly back.

He slid off the bed, dropping his revolver into his hip-pocket. In the room beyond there was the garish glare of lamplight, and by its lustre he saw the girl and her grandfather crouching over a man's figure on the floor. Coming out of the darkness into the light, he stood for a moment, open-mouthed and staring, for the man's clothes were bloody and his face was as the face of the dead.

The old man and his companion did not hear him, and they started with terror when he asked: "What's the matter? What's happened? Is he hurt?"

At the first sound of his voice the girl threw herself forward over the fallen figure as if intending to hide it. Then she drew back and said:

"Yes, badly hurt. He's my brother Pablo. He's ridden across the trail in the dark wounded this way, and he's been bleeding from a cut here."

Hawley dropped beside her and looked at the man. The cut she referred to was a knife-wound in the left arm, which had been roughly bandaged with a handkerchief. This had slipped, and the blood had poured from beneath it over his shirt and trousers and gleamed through the matted hair on his chest. Another blood-stained rag was bound round his head. The girl had pushed this back and was staring with a blanched, helpless horror at his face. Hawley vaguely noticed that it was a handsome face, of the same nationality and type as her own. Blood, dust and the sweat of his furious ride were begrimed upon it, and the bluish pallor of deadly weakness was over it all.

"Get some linen, cotton—any kind of stuff—and bind up his arm," he said; "he'll die of exhaustion if he goes on bleeding this way."

She gave an imperious command to the old man, who pulled down the window curtain. She tore it into strips and bound the wound with them. Hawley, kneeling beside her, administered brandy from his pocket flask. Beyond them, looking in through the open door, stood the wounded man's horse, panting like an engine, and all one white lather of foam.

The girl, bending over the arm she was binding, suddenly said:

"He's been in a fight—across the mountains somewhere; Los Olivos, I guess. He's been playing cards, and drinking, and fighting—that always happens. It's happened before, but never as bad as this."

She shed no tears, but her voice was husky with feeling.

"Don't fret," he said, setting the flask down on the floor, "he's coming round all right. Where did you say he had been?"

"I don't know," she answered; "Los Olivos probably. But there are other places. Perhaps San Geronimo; but I don't—" the wounded man opened his eyes.

She leaned forward, bringing her face into his line of vision. Catching his eyes, she addressed to him a few rapid, low-toned sentences in Spanish. He made no response. It was difficult to say whether he understood; but Hawley noticed that when she had moved the dark eyes of the man dwelt upon him with a profound and piercing scrutiny.

"You'll want to put him to bed somewhere," he said. "He can lie in the room where I was. I opened the window and the air's quite fresh. If you could just gently lift his feet—"

But the girl laid a restraining hand on the breast of her brother. "No," she said, "don't move him."

As Hawley met her eyes, the power of which he had forgotten in the excitement of the last few moments, he again felt the might of their strangely troubling beauty. He relinquished his hold of Pablo, and heard himself saying in a suppressed, combative tone:

"Why—? Why not?"

"He can't stay here," she answered. "He must go, to-night, now. There's been a fight, there's been blood."

She rose from a sitting posture to her knees and spread both hands out with an appealing gesture.

"He must leave here to-night," she repeated. She rose to her feet, and as she did so said something to the grandfather, who shuffled out of the door.

"Oh, señor!" she said to Hawley, "help us!—help me! I am alone with this old man and my brother."

She came close to him, and Hawley backed away from her as from temptation incarnate. She shook his hand, and instantly it seemed to him they were outside the door under the black shadow of the sycamores.

"You'll help us?" She came close to him, trembling, in the darkness.

"I can't," he said; but he heard the irresolution in his own tones. "There's a reason; you don't understand—" The sentence was not finished. One of her arms slid softly round his neck and her lips touched his in a kiss as light as the brushing of a butterfly's wing.

"You'll help us," she whispered; and, without waiting for an answer, turned back into the house.

The doors leading to the inner room and the yard were open. There was a current of crisp air through the house which seemed to have had a revivifying effect upon the wounded man. He was sitting up, pallid but conscious. As the girl entered he growled out a sentence or two. She answered as shortly. A look of intelligence leaped from one dark face to the other. Hawley saw it, but prudence was gone. He would have followed her to his own destruction.

Together they supported him across the room to the opened front door. Here, to Hawley's surprise, he saw the forms of several horses, the grandfather holding their bridles. Besides Major and Pablo's own mount, there were two powerful animals, furnished with rope bridles and elaborate, flapping Mexican saddles.

One of the fresh horses was brought to the door and Pablo was lifted to its back. His strength seemed to desert him, for the reins dropped from his nerveless hand, and the horse, unguided, was left to find its own way forward. Simultaneously the light in the house was extinguished and dense darkness wrapped them, Hawley could hear the others scrambling to the backs of the animals.

Mounted on Major, he brought up the rear of the procession. In front of him bits of sky shone palely, and occasional stars came and went between the fluttering of the loose-hanging, ragged leaves. The air was full of pungent woodland scents, and the muffled thud of the horses' hoofs seemed to be thrown back from the wall of night that pressed about them.

In a few moments they emerged from under the trees on to an overgrown mountain trail. The roadbed was not as rough as that by which Hawley had descended, but seemed narrower. It wound along the side of the cañon, sometimes dipping to the stream, then ascending abruptly. The heats of midday seemed to have been imprisoned in this rift of the mountain's flank, for the balsamic, heady odors that the sun draws from the verdurous solitudes of California still hung in the air.

As the little cavalcade mounted an upward slope the deputy sheriff could see their figures in dim outline against the sky. His heart throbbed as he tried to penetrate the darkness and distinguish the woman from her two companions.

On the narrow trail Hawley had not been able to urge his horse forward. Now he did so, and, pressing close to the shrouded figure in front of him, stared at it through the veil of darkness.

"Is it you?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes," came the answer from under some drapery that clouded her face.

"Hurry! you better get down and rest!" he asked.

"No," she said, almost sharply, then called ahead in Spanish.

Two answers came back, a monosyllable from the grandfather, a hurried sentence or two from the brother.

"Bien," she replied.

"Can I ride beside you?" Hawley murmured.

"If the road is wide enough," she answered.

"What is your name?" he asked, pressing his horse close to hers as she quickened her pace.

"Guadalupe," she said over her shoulder. "Fall behind, señor; the road is not wide enough here."

They moved on more rapidly, Pablo, now in front, setting the pace. The path wound gently downward now and then, skirting the long tongues of orchard-land that ran up toward the foothills from the plain below.

Suddenly the road crested a rounded hillock, and the vast plain, disguised under the mystery of night, lay before them. Its sombre levels were pricked here and there with the light of a ranch-house, and a concentrating of these pin-points into a faint yellow blot showed where San Geronimo lay. There was a light breeze blowing, which carried on its wings the breath of the orange groves it had played over on its way.

The riders halted, eying the scene before them in a motionless group. Then the girl began to murmur with her brother, and by a gesture seemed to be indicating their further course. Hawley, thinking to put his knowledge of the roads at her service, turned Major toward them.

The conference ceased as he drew up. By the starlight Pablo looked ghastly under his bandages. It was evident that his strength would not last much longer, but his iron nerve was unbroken. As his eye fell upon Hawley he made a sound with his tongue which started his horse. It wheeled and took to the road again with a shuffling lope that made the rider roll in his saddle. The girl was close on his tracks in a second, and the deputy sheriff followed. Somewhere in the rear the old grandfather came pounding onward,

the sound of his horse's hoofs sweeping out over the hollow plain.

They rode thus, rapidly and silently, till Pablo fell forward on his horse's neck. In a moment Hawley had dismounted, but the girl kept her seat, though pressing her beast close up to them.

"Is he bleeding again?" she asked in a strained whisper.

"I don't think so," answered the young man.

"Then hold him on and walk," she ordered. "And follow me," she said over her shoulder as she passed on ahead.

With Major's bridle over his arm and the other hand steadying the unconscious man, Hawley obeyed her. She led the way down still and shaded byways, which the young man, versed in the geography of the plain, knew to be the outer boundaries of some of the great ranches of the district. They encountered no one and made no sound, moving at a foot-pace on the grass beside the roadway.

Presently the air grew fresher and cooler and carried in it a tang of the sea. The roadbed turned soft and heavy under Hawley's feet, and upon his ear the even swish of small waves broke gratefully. Then the sea, a huge black expanse that seemed to stretch away like a dark and mysterious continuance of the plain, developed out of the vagueness of night. There was a sloping foreground of pale sand, and on one side a blackness of bluffs which seemed to have no separation from the blackness of water.

The night here was full of noises—of creeping creatures in the brushwood that grew to the sand, and of the whispering, chuckling voices of the water. The girl and Hawley were lifting Pablo from his horse when one of these noises resolved itself into the click of ours moving in rowlocks. The sound startled Hawley into upright, alarmed alertness.

"It's all right," said the girl, "he's coming."

"Who's coming?" he asked.

"One of our men," she answered. "I can't feel if he's bleeding. His shirt's wet, but it may be perspiration."

"Wait," said the young man, "I'll see," and he took out his matchbox and struck a match.

In the curve of his hands he held the match over the wounded man. Its flame cut a little circle of light in the darkness. In that circle Hawley saw again for one illuminated moment that perfect face painted on the background of night. He felt as if he were alone with it in the world, as if there was nothing anywhere beyond and around them but blackness and the void. She looked up and met his eyes, and for the first time the look of a woman who has fears came over her face.

The look seized upon Hawley's heart, and even as it clutched him the match flame spurted up and went out.

They had no time for further words; for, even as the disturbed darkness settled, a boat ran up out of the sea, and disgorged a dim bulk, which, on nearer view, divided itself into two figures. As they bent over Pablo, Hawley saw that one of them was the old man. There was a quick interchange of Spanish, and in answer to the girl's command they lifted Pablo and bore him to the water, his sister preceding them. Hawley followed through the small cold waves, and saw her climb into the craft and receive the wounded man in her arms.

Then the shadowy shapes of the two men ran the skiff out into deeper water, and he was forced to scramble in and crouch down beside her, wet and breathless. He felt the tiller jerking this way and that, and, putting out his hand to steady it, met her hand already there. She pushed his away and called out a curt command. There was a reeling sound forward, and a square of sail ran up across the sky. Then the boat careened lightly and slid forward, lying on its side like a swallow in a wind.

Curled up in an angle of the stern, with the woman beside him and the wounded man leaning against his knees, Hawley felt the irresponsibility and unreality that one feels in dreams. At intervals the tiller, directed by the girl's hand, pressed softly against him, and sometimes the silence was broken by a monosyllabic instruction from the bow. He felt drowsily content and leaned back, listening to the sound of the water slipping along the keel. Once he put his hand over hers on the tiller, and though she pushed it off, he felt no chagrin at the rebuff. The present was still warm with her kiss, the future full of its promise.

In front of them, beyond the square of the sail, the islands kept growing higher and higher out of the sea, till they seemed to be mounting into the zenith and blotting out the stars. In the daytime they did not seem half so large. He had sailed that way often, and recalled the look of their smooth hills with the fluttering of sycamore leaves in the valleys and bits of yellow beach fitted in here and there between the bases of the bluffs. In the bluffs themselves were long caves, which wound inward to unknown depths.

"Are we going to the islands?" he asked the girl as the skiff swept onward toward these looming shapes.

"Yes," she said; "it's not a long sail with this sort of wind."

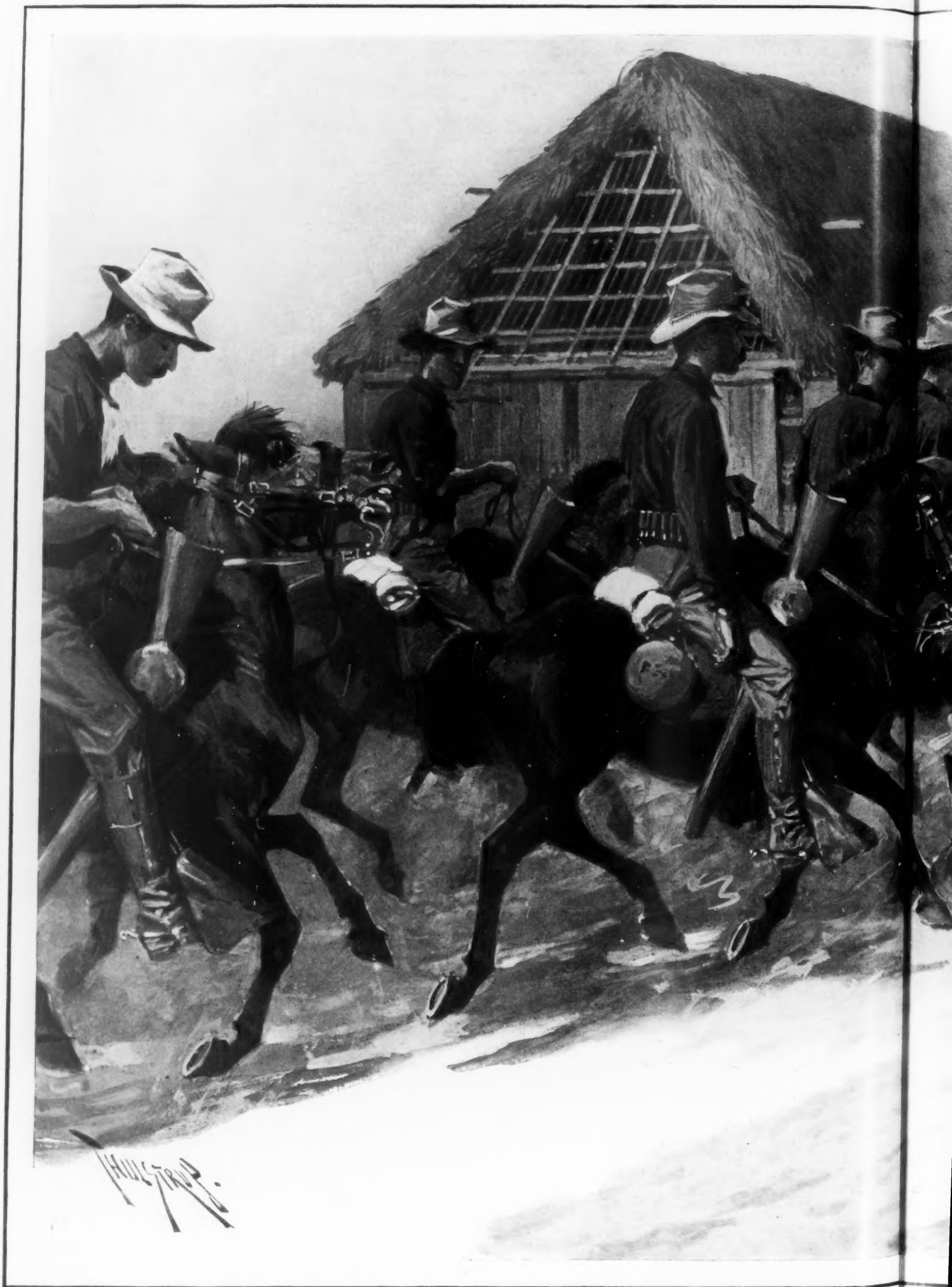
"Do we stop?" he asked.

"No, we go on. Some one will be there." Then she leaned forward and put a question to the man whose outline could be seen near the bow.

An answer came back, and, for a moment, the conversation continued in low monotonous tones.

Hawley had no conception of time. He knew that the sail by daylight, even with such a rarely favoring wind, was one of several hours. Yet the islands grew more and more enormous, and a moment came when, through the sizzling of the water beneath their bows, he heard the bellowing of the waves as they swept up and were lost in the echoing recesses of the caves.

The sound struck on the ears of the others a moment later. The girl called out a quick sentence, and the grandfather answered. The ropes slapped about, and, in the darkness, the old man shuffled toward them,



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A SMALL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A TROOPER IN THE COMMAND

TRAILING AG

UNITED STATES MOUNTED INFANTRY AND IRREGULAR CAVALRY OF COLONEL BELL'S EXPEDITION PASSING THROUGH
SHORTLY BEFORE COLONEL BELL'S OCCUPATION OF TARLAC, AGUINALDO, ACCOM



G AGUINALDO

ING THROUGH THE TOWN OF TARLAC IN THE PROVINCE OF LUZON IN PURSUIT OF AGUINALDO, THE FILIPINO LEADER.
INALDO, ACCOMPANIED BY A REMNANT OF THE INSURGENT ARMY, FLED NORTHWARD

tugging at the lashing cordage. With a creaking sound the sail swept across the skiff, flapping like a great broken wing, then bent and belled out again. The change of course made the sounds from the shore seem louder and less undefined. They could hear the sea go buffeting its way into the caverns and then come straining and choking out.

Suddenly from the figure in the bow a sound rose clear and soft. It was the cry of an owl, exactly imitated. There was silence, and then the cry was faintly repeated from somewhere near the shore. It came through the night, full of the large, unhuman voices of wind and water, with a curiously confidential suggestion, almost like a whisper or a furtive hand-pressure. To the loadload it carried some exciting message. A hoarse murmur of query and answer broke out. The girl sat still, but Hawley felt that she was trembling, and he heard her speak to herself in broken ejaculations.

"What is it?" he asked.

She seized his arm and pressed it, but made no answer. Looking at her, he could make out her eyes staring ahead in an intensity of gaze which seemed to have absorbed all the life that was in her. She was unconscious of him and of the rigid grip on his arm.

Hawley's attention was suddenly directed from her. The lookout sent his voice across the water in a low hail. There was an answer.

"Gracias a Dios!" came from the figure beside Hawley in a murmur.

"Delay!" he answered; "I'm not going to make any delay. I'm all ready."

"Stay there. Don't get up!" The boat rocked, causing her to stagger, and she put her hand on his shoulder. "Thanks for your services, señor. Good-by."

She tried to brush by him. Hawley felt dizzy, but he gripped her by the skirt and held her. He heard himself saying in a low, dazed tone:

"No—not without me. I'm coming."

The boats rose on a swell and a voice growled out an impatient sentence. She answered with a few sharp words. Hawley loosened his hold on her skirt and, groping, seized her by the wrist.

"Let me go, señor," she said pleadingly. "You've done what I asked. You've helped me. I'm grateful. I'll never forget."

Hawley gave a furious laugh.

"Forget!" he cried. "Neither will I."

"Let me go!" she urged, but her voice had an insistent quality now. "You are making us lose time. You must!"

"Never!" he cried. "I'll follow you to hell. It's too late to go back now."

She tried to undo one of his hands. When he let her, she pressed it against her heart.

"There was much kindness and risk, and I am grateful. Thanks again—many times—"

In the midst of her soft words she suddenly threw

he was on the mainland, some mile or two beyond San Geronimo; for, further down on the beach, he saw a hut that he knew was used by some of the town's Italian fishermen. He had been concealed from them by a little thicket. By the length of the shadows and the freshness of the air he judged it to be still some hours from midday.

With slowness and pain he clambered from the boat and put on his hat, which had been considerably placed beside him. Watching the hut with a guarded glance, he slunk away behind the bushes and struck out over the sandy trails for the San Geronimo highway. Close upon this, picketed in the shade of a spreading live oak, he came upon Major, bridled, saddled and contentedly nibbling the grass about the tree roots. Hawley seemed to see reproach in the glance that the gentle beast turned upon him. With a gruff word of greeting he mounted, and, drawing his hat low over his forehead, he rode into town.

The head deputy was sitting in his sunny little office in the sleepy little town, biting the end of a lavender blossom.

"Hullo, Hawley," he said casually. "Just wondering about you. So Lopez gave you the slip after all?"

Hawley had no prearranged tale with which to greet his superior. He tried to arrange a record of his adventures as he rode up from the beach, but his head ached too much and he felt too dazed and stupid. Now, in answer to this salutation, he said:



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER

"YOU'VE FOOLED ME ENOUGH," HE CRIED; "I GO WITH YOU, OR YOU STAY HERE WITH ME"

The form of another boat, larger and with a wider spread of canvas, grew out of the darkness. It bore down upon them, silent and batlike.

From the apathy of fear and dread that held them, there was a swift change to movement. Their sail slid down amid the clatter of lashing cordage, and a hoarse cry rose from the man in the bow. It was echoed from the approaching sloop, which seemed to be coming straight down on them, then suddenly veered off and shook its sails down. The stars appeared as though caught in its rigging, which was now outlined against the sky, now lost against the toppling blackness of the island beyond. The bow touched and then slid along their side, and the grappling of boathooks held both vessels together, grinding against each other.

In an instant Pablo was raised and lifted into the second boat. It seemed to be well manned, for Hawley saw the confused outlines of several figures and heard the low tones of more than one voice. He thought he saw others following Pablo. From among the guttural chorus of strange voices he heard the cracked tones of the old grandfather. He too, then, was in the larger boat. The deputy sheriff sat up alertly, trying to see through the darkness. Then the girl rose from beside him and went to step over him toward where the boathooks gripped the gunwale.

Without question, Hawley rose to follow. She turned quickly and, standing over him, put her hand on his chest and pushed him back into his seat.

"Don't get up," she said hurriedly; "there's no time for delay."

the hand aside and made an attempt to leap out of his reach into the other boat.

The duplicity and quickness of the action maddened him. He seized her with a savage grip, crying:

"The kiss? The kiss? Was that all for nothing? Where you go, I'll follow."

An angry voice rose from the boat beyond.

The girl bent over and said in a tone of menace:

"Let me go, or it will be worse for you."

"You've fooled me enough," he cried; "I go with you, or you stay here with me."

He threw his arms out, caught her in one of them and tried to drag her down to the seat beside him. In the movement of the boats she staggered and nearly fell. As she righted herself she called out an order in Spanish in a loud, authoritative voice. The blade of an oar descended upon Hawley's head with the stunning force of a long-withheld blow. His arms dropped from around her and he fell back like one dead.

When Hawley woke from his stupor he was still lying in the bottom of the skiff, a piece of old gunny-sack under his head. His head ached, and, putting up his hand to feel it, he came in contact with the dry unevenness of stiffened blood and a great lump that hurt when he touched it.

Then he began to remember, and, feeling sick and dizzy, he sat up and looked about. The boat was drawn far up on the sand out of reach of the tide. One glance at his surroundings convinced him that

"Yes—that's what he did," and then dropping into a chair lifted his hat and disclosed his scarred and still bloody head.

The other deputy let the legs of his tilted chair come down on the floor with a bang and threw away the lavender blossom.

"He left his mark on you, did he? How was that?" Hawley's befogged brain had cleared, and he answered slowly:

"Major stumbled on the trail—it was at an angle of forty-five degrees—never saw such a devil of a place—"

"And you went over his head? Well I'll be—"

The head deputy's language was picturesque but unprintable. Nevertheless the homely nature of the mishap appealed to his sense of humor and he leaned back in his chair and roared with laughter.

When his mirth had abated the inferior officer said:

"Have you heard anything of Lopez? Do you know where he is?"

"Somewhere in the foothills or safe over the Mexican border, if he went the way they say he did. Once before he got off that way—by boat from the islands. We got word here this morning that he'd been in a fight in a gambling dive in Los Olivos and stabbed a man called Ramon Estrella pretty nearly to death. His friends got him away somehow, and the fellers up there say he rode off like the devil was after him."

"Was he wounded?" the younger man queried in a low voice.

"Cut to pieces, the fellow said that brought the de-

...smashed on the head and sliced down the arm from the wrist to the elbow."

Hawley leaned forward and spoke with forced distinctness:

"Did you say that he'd gone to Mexico?"

"That's what the fellows round here were saying. He done that way before. Feelin' against Joaquin Lopez's just now pretty strong and he knows they'll get him the way they did Pasquez and Pacheco if he don't get out. I got men now blocking all the mountain trails, but it ain't no use. In those Mexican foot-paths he's as safe as a bug in a rug. The only reason I'm not certain about it is that he's so crazy about his wife—won't be separated from her. They were married a few months ago, and she goes along on his trail, camping out in the mountains in old dens nobody's on to but the Greasers, and they'd all stand together till the last trump sounded. I don't wonder he's soft on her. I saw her once before she married him, and she was a peach! But she took to the King's 'Ighway!'"

"What did she look like?" Hawley said in a voice that sounded strange and distant to his own ears.

"Dark—dark's a mulatter. But—Oh, my! you'd oughter have seen her! Guadalupe Hidalgo was her name; good family, too, used to be way up once like the Bandinis and the Estradas. She'd an old grandfather, who was about a hundred and was as tough as a nut, who once owned pretty near all San Geronimo County. She went off with Lopez one day, and they got married in a Roman Catholic Church in Los Angeles as bold as brass—"

A sound of horse's hoofs outside interrupted the recital. The cheerful head deputy looked out of the window.

"Dooty! dooty!" he said, yawning and stretching himself. "Well, so long, Hawley. You'd better lie off to-day. You look as if you'd run up against a Kansas cyclone."

Hawley made some inarticulate response.

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The other, reaching forward, picked up the photograph.

"This just come this morning," he said.

"Love's the devil and all for most men, but love an' the Road don't jibe, sure! There weren't half a dozen white men in Southern California that had ever seen Lopez to their knowledge. So he could come and go and raise the devil's own delight pretty much as he felt like it. But when love got hold of him he must go off and get his picture took for his girl. And in twenty-four hours there wouldn't be a deputy or United States marshal in California that won't have one. Good looking, ain't he?" and he handed the picture to Hawley.

It was "my brother Pablo!" Hawley dropped it on the floor and fell forward over it, insensible.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said the head deputy, staring. Then he roared:

"Say, somebody, come here and look after this man!"

THE END

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Round the Hearth

Edited by Margaret E. Sangster



ABOUT CHOOSING A PROFESSION FOR THE BOY



AMONG THE QUESTIONS which most closely touch the heart life of the home, which are most earnestly and tenderly discussed by the fire on the hearth, none takes precedence of that very important one—Which profession shall my boy choose? The boy is in college—at Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton, or he is in a Western university, or it may be he is doing post-graduate work across the ocean, in Oxford or Berlin. Wherever he may be enrolled as a student, however to himself and his comrades he seems a man, to the anxious parents who are trying to forecast his future, he is still their laddie, the object of their dearest solicitude, and, secretly or openly, the possession in which they take most pleasure and pride. He and they are confronted with no slight difficulty when the question to be decided, balancing sometimes on the slender edge of a hair, is whether the son of the house shall enter business, or study for some liberal avocation; for the law, or medicine, or journalism. If the boy has already chosen for himself, if he has a decided preference for the ministry of religion, or if his career, imperatively beckoning, has secured its initiative for Army or Navy at one of the great schools, West Point or Annapolis, the thing is practically arranged as to the present. What is to come hereafter will depend largely on the stuff in the boy, and, in lesser degree, on the opportunities he may meet after his preliminary training is over.

The majority of cases are not so easily and agreeably adjusted. Parents see, or think they see, that their sons have special fitness along certain lines; the boys themselves are pulled another way. Young men, brought up in plain homes, with limited means, find beside them, shoulder to shoulder in their college life, other young men, equally gifted, equally ambitious, equally clean of life and pure of aim, who have what appears to the poorer ones a tremendous advantage—plenty of money. That it is not necessarily the advantage it seems does not occur to the often impecunious and always cramped and inconvenienced student, who feels day by day the clog of an easily emptied pocket-book. His strong desire is to plunge at once in *medias res*, in the business world, to make money, and to make it rapidly. Aghast at the years of study required in the medical or the law school, the lad declares against what he regards as the folly of delay, and disappoints the hopes of the father and mother who have always meant him for a learned profession. He may be right; they may be wrong. Who can predict? Only time can solve the question.

A boy is meant by nature for a scientific student, or for an artist. His father, successful, shrewd, clever, has no patience with the thoughtful investigator, no consideration for the dreamer of dreams. Here is the golden chance the boy opposite would covet and appreciate; it is lost on the poet, on the student, on the man cut out for books and quiet, and a cloistered existence. Again, there is friction in the home, and puzzled faces frown round the glowing hearth.

A counsel of prudence in these very common crises is, Wait. Do not force events. Leave something to Divine Providence. Trust the boy whom you have brought up, and guide, never seek to drive, him, at that parting of the ways which most of all is his personal and vital concern.

OLD-SCHOOL MANNERS

WHEN we speak of old-school manners, our thoughts invariably turn to the punctilious, the formal, the leisurely and unharried manners which were in vogue in the best society when our grandmothers were young. It is conceded that new-school manners are less deferential, are more brusque, permit a greater freedom of speech than those which once distinguished gentlemen of breeding from their social inferiors, which, once belonged to ladies of grace and dignity, their hall-mark always and everywhere recognized. Might it not be worth our while, simply for the exquisite finish and lovely charm they convey, to cultivate old-school manners again? A man who never forgets, in speech or in writing, the respect he willingly pays to women, a woman who has herself always in hand, so

that she is never over-accentuated or over-impetuous, is a welcome addition to every social occasion, and the flower of his or her fine deportment blooms most whitely in the atmosphere of home.

A DRIFTWOOD FIRE

PINE KNOTS, soft coal, hickory logs, all have our approval, because they blaze and leap and sparkle and glow, and the room with their dancing firelight to adorn it needs little else to make it attractive on a winter's night, when the north wind blows and the snow flies. But more fascinating than all is a driftwood fire, the irregular bits of wood gathered on the beach, incrusting with the salt of the sea, the separate planks as they flame telling to the fanciful onlooker their story of the tempest and the wreck. Unspeakingly sad may be the visions one discerns in these radiant flames, yet too they may be full of a very sweet and potent sentiment, and lovers, sitting hand in hand beside the fire of driftwood, will not think so much of lost ships and sunken reefs as of their own little lightship, waiting to be launched on the great ocean of human destiny.

THE SCRAP-BOOK HABIT

SELDOM does a day pass in a reading family without eliciting from somebody the remark apropos of a verse in the daily paper, or of a heroic act performed by some obscure and everyday man who simply does his duty without any fuss—"There, that is too good to lose. We must save it." If there is a young girl at hand, who keeps a scrap-book, the clipping is straightway attached to a page, and is ready for future reference. Equally, an oblong book, filled with envelopes appropriately labelled, lends itself to the retaining and classifying of scraps, be they statistical, poetical, dramatic or amusing. The necessity is that some one shall attend to the little matter immediately, as it is one of those small affairs which slip from memory if postponed. A daughter can render her busy father a very welcome service by forming in herself, for his sake, the scrap-book habit.

BRIDAL GIFTS OF NEEDLEWORK

ALMOST as ancient as embroidery itself is the custom of using needlework lavishly on bridal garments and on fabrics intended as gifts for a bride. Rather than a custom, however, such occasions as weddings may be considered opportunities for needlework which are eagerly improved. Some of the most exquisite of the antique laces are wedding veils, and many of the famous lace patterns were designed under the inspiration of a wedding-day.

The story of the origin of guipure lace is apropos. A sailor returning to Venice brought to his betrothed some of the exquisite spun-glass coral from the Indian waters and told her it was the mermaid's lace. When he was away on his next voyage the maiden wrought a veil with her needle after the pattern of the coral, and wore on her wedding-day the first guipure lace. Often the crest of a new family and designs which afterward have become traditional were originated for the bridal linen or lingerie. These designs are prized in modern work, especially by the workers in "Colonial embroidery" who have instituted what is fast becoming a School of Needlework at Deerfield, Mass.

An embroidered wedding gown is a luxury beyond the reach of most brides, unless they themselves can do the work; therefore, suggestions for this particular use of embroidery need not be very full. Embroidery on costumes is not what it might be if fashions lasted longer. Since in the days of Le Grand Monarch embroidered robes were in very general use, we may conclude either that styles did not change every three months, or, if they did, the Court must needs follow the king, who, by the way, was a great lover of laces and textiles of all sorts.

Only embroidery which is altogether conventional is suitable on wearing apparel. There is no more beautiful way to adorn a white satin or silk wedding-gown than by appliqué cut from mousseline de soie. The design—a conventional one, or sprays of orange blossoms or roses—should be stamped on the mousseline de soie, then cut out with sharp scissors and applied to the breadths of silk with a loosely twisted couching cord. Afterward it should be touched out with stitches of filo. This will be dainty and not expensive

—certainly not as sumptuous, however, as the wedding-gown of the present Czarina, which was completely covered with needlework not less valuable than the gems which were worked into the embroidery.

For marking linens and lingerie the French laid-work is always the serviceable method of work. It is somewhat mechanical, but this is an advantage rather than otherwise, when the application is as much for use as for ornament. A somewhat novel method of marking personal linen is with the whole name in script. This is exceeding fine work, but not therefore difficult, as it is quite as easy, indeed easier, to work evenly a line than a wide space in French laid embroidery. It is decidedly Parisian to work the entire name on handkerchiefs, and, as yet, new to us. Hemstitching must of necessity be considered with white work, and for linens it is a particularly dainty and simple enrichment. As anybody can do this sort of needlework, it is not an expensive gift to make for a bride a half-dozen tray-cloths or squares of soft round weave linen with such a hem and perhaps a simple drawn-work border. These will be so useful that it is quite probable, when the bride is fully launched in housekeeping, she will oftener feel thankful to the giver of this simple gift than to the friend who has provided the more elaborate linens which are used only on state occasions.

Another pretty and simple bridal gift is the embroidered bouquet ribbon. This, since it is to be used at the wedding itself, will be one of the most suggestive of souvenirs. The ribbon should be three inches wide and about four yards long. On one end should be embroidered the monogram of the bride, on the other that of the groom. Just below one monogram should be the month in small letters, below the other the date. The design and method of working these letters may be according to the worker's fancy, but the way which will probably be most successful is over cartoons. Mark the designs on stiff heavy paper and cut them out very accurately within the line; it is easy to exaggerate the width, so losing the outline. Apply these cartoons to the ribbon, which has first been pasted to a framed linen, and embroider over them with white twisted embroidery silk. They may also be edged with Japanese gold. A very important point to remember is to place the letters well up on the ribbon ends, so as to allow something more than their depth in plain ribbon below them. This end can be turned up over the back of the completed work as a lining, and a white fringe can be mounted on the turned edge. When the bouquet is tied with this ribbon the loops and streamers fall almost to the floor.

Another dainty gift, or one which may be considered a part of a set of wedding ribbons when the wedding is to be a church affair, is the ribbon to be used to "ribbon off" the pews. This may be embroidered with initials, date, and name of church. It should also be about three inches wide and two yards long, or sufficient to span the aisle, with a bunch of bows on each end—or pompons—to fasten to the ends of the pews. In addition to this cross ribbon there may be two others, one attached to each of the bows and long enough to be carried up the aisle, inclosing the pews, one each side, by the ushers who meet the wedding party. This, of course, means a great deal of ribbon, and while it is a very pretty feature of a church ceremony to inclose the pews, and sometimes a matter of absolute necessity, yet it makes, in addition to the bouquet and cross ribbons, rather an elaborate gift.

An embroidered white canopy is a very dainty gift which may be directly associated with the wedding. An appropriate design would be bells strung on ribbons. The ribbons may be appliqué after the Empire fashion. There is among the treasures of old needlework such a canopy which was worked by Maria Theresa and which has been lately mended and restored by the pupils of the Government Art School at Vienna.

Collections of old needlework usually contain book-covers which ought to be very suggestive to the modern worker. Now that designing for bookcovers is an art in itself, the needleworker ought to find an opportunity in this sphere too. A particularly beautiful gift for a bride would be an embroidered prayer-book cover. Ample margin should be allowed the binder on the embroidered pieces. For the prayer book there may be the

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marker. This should be made of an ecclesiastical ribbon and the embroidery done over cartoons. The designs for both prayer-book and marker should be churchly.

As already suggested, the housekeeper cannot have too many linens, and so a wedding present in linen will always be acceptable. Bureau sets, the covers embroidered on lawn and made over pads with the long narrow cushions, are very pretty, useful presents. These linens are practical, because they can be removed and laundered. Although "a dream" of lace and embroidery is lovely, yet it cannot be said to be a real help toward house furnishing or decorating, since it must be laid away most of the time.

Dollies of all descriptions and centrepieces have become almost necessary to a well-set table, certainly to an ornamented table. They have passed the day when they can be considered a fad, and like the few fashions which really have some use or beauty inherent, have earned their place. The fleur-de-lis or orange-blossom designs are most suitable for the wedding breakfast, but one may select any dainty motif for linens intended as wedding gifts. A wedding gift should embody two ideas. First, it is a souvenir and should therefore be durable. For this reason the hand-drawn linens are appropriate, since these, like laces, may become heirlooms. In the second place, they should be serviceable, because there are so many things needed in a new house that a bride will especially appreciate something that fills an immediate want. Therefore, a set of linen sheets and pillow-cases, hemstitched and initialed in white embroidery, is a lovely gift; or a counterpane embroidered in some dainty pattern after the design of the wall decoration. Something to keep and something to use—in these two requirements we have the ideal of home decoration, the combination of use and beauty.

L. B. WILSON.

SOMETHING ABOUT COLOR VALUES

EVERYTHING in a successfully furnished habitation depends upon its color. The entire character and temper of a house are not altered but are affected by it. An immediate transformation takes place with the transformation of the walls. Change, for instance, an ugly blue or red into a cheerful yellow, and see what results follow. Yellow not only expresses a certain cheer, making up as it does—that is as well as it can—for the absence of sunshine, but it conveys also a certain impression of elegance. It is no unusual thing to have some one without an eye for detail come into a room, the walls of which have been newly covered with yellow, and insist upon it that some piece of prosperity has come to the household. A gloomy and dark room which has been covered with a paper decorated with gilt figures, when treated with yellow paper, with white paint for the woodwork, the ceiling merely tinted with a suggestion of yellow brought down to the picture-rod, which should not be more than eight feet from the floor, becomes at once, without the introduction of any furniture or the hanging of any pictures, a room full of cheer and promise, inviting one to elegance. To such a room a note of brilliancy may be added by a crimson curtain. It must be remembered that cosiness does not always accompany yellow, although the red curtain would help to ensure a feeling for it. Yellow is too impersonal for cosiness, too outgoing, and while it cheers and uplifts, taking one out of one's self, it does not induce to a drawing together, as when a room is dark and one seeks the fire. For that reason it is better in bedrooms, drawing-rooms, dining and reception rooms and halls, but not for living rooms, unless in exceptional cases, and never for libraries, where repose and concentration are necessary.

In a small house or apartments the aim should always be to keep to one color or tone for every floor. Thus the woodwork should all be of one tone, the walls presenting no sharp and sudden contrasts. The hall being the centre, might be taken as the starting-point, and whatever is visible from the hall considered in relation to it. Thus if one have a red hall, and the parlor and dining-room can be seen from it, the colors for those two rooms should be chosen with reference to the color of the hall, or vice versa. The same may be said of all adjoining rooms. A beautiful green and yellow room in New York was spoiled by having a pink room made to open out of it, the pink in that case being vivid and inharmonious. Just as one's dress should present some attempt at the harmonies, the skirt, waist and hat bearing some relation to each other and to the general whole, so the rooms of any one floor should show some idea of having been considered in relation to each other. Even in large and sumptuous houses, the effect is marred by dividing the different rooms into periods or by making them follow too many schemes in color.

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THE BOER ANTHEM

The national anthem of the Boers runs in this wise:

"Di vier kleur van ons dierbaarland
Di wai wee o'er Transvaal;
En wee di God vergeten hand,
Wat dit weer neer wil haal."

This first stanza may be rendered roughly as follows:

"The four-fold flag of our fatherland
Over the Transvaal doth blow,
And woe to the God-forsaken hand
That dares to bring it low."

PERTINENT IMPERTINENCE

"SAY, MISTER, do you want your bag carried?" asked a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the railway station.

"No, I don't," answered the man, a little sharply.

"I'll carry it all the way for a nickel," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't!" said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urelin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round, dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

He got the bag, and a dime.

A CRUEL SUGGESTION

WIFE: "I declare, Fred, I am almost ashamed to go out with this hat on. It isn't at all the style."

Fred: "Is this Bridget's day out?"

Wife: "No."

Fred: "Then why don't you borrow hers?"

SOME CHURCHILL FAMILY HISTORY

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the war correspondent of the London "Post," whose escape from Boer captivity made such a sensation, derives his Christian name from his ancestor, Sir Henry Winston, of Standish, in Gloucestershire, whose heiress married John Churchill, the grandfather of the famous Duke of Marlborough. This marriage, indeed, first brought the Churchill family into high social position. The father of the great duke was Sir Winston Churchill, and Winston has always been a favorite Christian name in the Marlborough family. Lord Randolph Churchill gave the name Winston to both his sons. The elder, now in South Africa, is Winston Leonard, and the younger John Winston.

REPARTEE

TOMMY KUTUN: "Papa, what is repartee?"
Mr. Kutun: "Repartee, my boy, is a very clever answer when you say it to anybody, but a very rude answer when anybody says it to you."

THE JOYS OF AUTHORSHIP

It has always been asserted that some of the novels bearing the signature of Alexandre Dumas the elder were written by his assistants. One day when Dumas père met Dumas fils on the street he asked him whether he had read his latest novel.

"No," said Dumas junior. "Have you?"

HOW WARS BEGIN

TOMMY was reading the war news. When he finished he came over to his mother and said:

"Mamma, how do wars begin?"

"Well, suppose the English hauled down the American flag, and that the Americans—"

Here Tommy's father intervened.

"My dear," he said, "the English would not."

Mother: "Excuse me, they would—"

"Now, dear, who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Pray do not interrupt!"

"But you are giving Tommy a wrong idea!"

"I'm not, sir!"

"You are, madam!"

"Don't call me madam! I won't allow you!"

"I'll call you what I choose!"

"I'm sorry I ever saw you! you are so—"

Tommy (going out): "It's all right; I think I know how wars begin."

CRIMINOLOGY

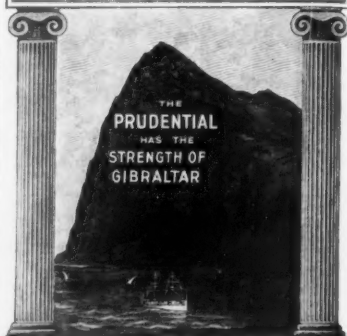
FIRST EXPERT: "The prisoner is clearly guilty. Note his furtive bearing and shifty eye."

Second Expert: "Yes, there is no doubt about it. Did you notice how brazenly he stepped up to the bar, and his shameless stare all about the courtroom?"

TESTIMONIUM PAUPERTATIS

DOCTOR: "Do you know that the majority of physicians are comparatively poor men?"
Gibbs: "No, I wasn't aware of that; but I know some of them are awfully poor doctors."

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A FAVORED OFFICER

GENERAL METHUEN, whose first attempt to relieve Kimberley proved so signal a failure, up to that time could boast of being one of the luckiest officers of the British army. Everything seemed to come his way. His full name and title is General Lord Paul Sanford Methuen, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., J.P., and he is the third of the Barons Methuen. As a boy he was sent to Eton. In 1862, while still a lad, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards. His rapid advance after that can scarcely be accounted for on the ground of mere merit. In three years he became captain and adjutant to his regiment. Then he was sent on special service to the Gold Coast, and in the following year assumed the rank and station of brigade major of the Home District. After the Ashanti War he was appointed military secretary to the commander-in-chief in Ireland, and in the same year, 1877, was sent out to Berlin as military attaché there. The year 1884 saw him in command of Methuen's Horse with the Bechuanaland Field Force, under Sir Charles Warren, and rewards again fell to him in the shape of mention in despatches and the bestowal upon him of the C.M.G. For a long period after that he fulfilled the duties of adjutant-general in South Africa, and in 1890 was promoted major-general, commanding the Home District till two years ago. He was Lord Methuen when he went out to the Tiah in 1897 and witnessed the subduing of the rebellious Afriids and Orekaids on the Indian frontier.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

HE: "I have rather taken a fancy to the English mode of spelling, as compared to ours."

SHE: "Yes?"

HE: "Yes, indeed. Take 'parlour' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

ONE GOOD HIT DESERVES ANOTHER

A COMEDIAN in a Paris theatre recently made a great hit out of a painful incident. While indulging in a bit of horseplay on the stage he struck his head accidentally against one of the pillars of the scene upon the stage. The thud caused a flutter of sympathy to pass through the audience.

"No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt-cellar."

These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part.

Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar.

UNWELCOME CONFIRMATION

"ONLY a fool would argue with a woman!" said he, in disgust, after an hour's hot contest with his sister.

"Precisely!" was her dry answer.

"TOMMY ATKINS'S TUMMY"

DURING his period of service a British soldier is entitled to three-quarters of a pound of fresh meat and one pound of bread daily; and, when on active service, the meat is increased to one pound, and a free ration of groceries and vegetables is also issued.

The average bullock, when slaughtered and cut up by the army butchers, will yield 700 pounds of meat; and 1,343 bullocks must die to provide the troops with one day's rations. Supposing that the operations in the field occupy six months, and the soldiers get fresh meat twice a week, then, in round numbers, 70,000 bullocks must be butchered.

This fresh meat must be eked out with no less than 10,400,000 pounds of salted or preserved victuals, and we get a grand total of 14,500,000 pounds, or 6,500 tons of bullock! The army eats up 80,000 pounds of bread daily, and bread contains a quarter of its weight in flour. In twenty-six weeks it will require 3,640,000 pounds of flour, or 65,000 bushels.

Supposing the beef averages 5d. a pound all round—rather under than over the mark—we have an outlay of £325,000. Add to that £13,000 for the British army's daily bread (at 1s. per stone of 14 pounds), and a further £212,000 for vegetables and groceries, calculated at the rate of 3d. a day per man, and a single army corps will eat up £550,000 in six months!

NIRVANA

A LITTLE girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said:

"He walks about, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

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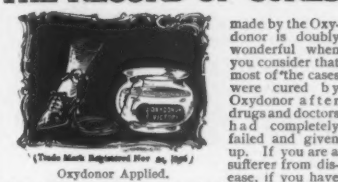
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LONDON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE WEEK just past is already being referred to as Black Week. What will be said of the present month before it closes conjecture vainly may surmise. General Buller's defeat on the Tugela River has flashed and thundered itself into England with results of horror and dismay. Never was the stern arbitrament of warfare more stungly expressed. Honored, trusted, with a magnificent past behind him and a magnificent future prophesied for him, Sir Redvers Buller has sunk, in a few brief hours, to an inferiority which would make your French, Spanish or Italian officer think seriously of blowing out his brains. A victory was not only expected; it was hungered for. General Symonds fell; Sir George White retreated; General Gatacre met disaster at Stormberg; Lord Methuen faced misfortune at Magersfontein. But in General Buller hundreds of thousands trusted as one who should cleanse from transient stain the prestige of British arms. His telegram sent throughout this country a wail of wrath and sorrow concerning whose ferocity and plaintiveness little children will live to tell their little grandchildren in future years.

The meeting of the Cabinet in December gave to history's huge volume one more momentous page. The summoning of Lord Kitchener from Egypt to the Cape has in it a touch of sublime desperation. "Win for yourself new laurels," Britannia cries to her latest petted hero; "make, if you will, a second Omdurman on the same continent where you made your first." But for the Sirdar and for Lord Roberts as well, it will be fighting under stringent novelties of enterprise. The Boers have ten times the intelligence of those swarthy persons with whom Lord Roberts contended at Kandahar, and while their bravery appears quite to equal that of the Dervishes whom Lord Kitchener has so recently routed, their nimbleness is deerlike and their surety of aim superb. Obedience to his country's call provokes in this instance on Lord Roberts's part the special admiration of all classes alike. His son, at the age of twenty-seven, has just fallen in the very war which he is summoned to superintend. He need not go to South Africa; it would not have left the slightest stain upon his record if he had stayed at home. He is nearly seventy years old; his popularity with all soldiers throughout the kingdom is enormous, and to doubt the bravery of their beloved "Bobs" and "Little Gunner," as they fondly call him, would be to doubt the sun in heaven.

I saw, as I walked up the Strand, not long ago, a handbill advertising some evening paper, and on it was inscribed: "A Million Men Ready." This had the usual "Yellow Journal" ring of exaggeration at first, but I now realize that its announcement does not fall far short of the truth. A great multitude of home Volunteers are burning to place themselves in competitive comradeship with the Regulars. And abroad, among the Colonies—chiefly Canada and Australia—such a spirit of aidful eagerness toward the Mother Land was never before witnessed. It would be difficult accurately to state the exact number of British subjects now fired by longings to "avenge" yesterday's reverses, but beyond doubt the impulse has reached a prodigious comprehension. All in all, this patriotic wave is but natural. The soldiers desired must not be younger than twenty nor older than thirty-five. These are just the class whom acts of physical courage most keenly thrill and most fervidly inspire. At Mafeking, Dundee, Belmont, and every other battle thus far chronicled, the cool daring, the intrepid vim and grit, seem to have been splendidly universal. A

glamour of romance, too, has touched these hot contests. That every Englishman knows his Peerage by heart, I have found by no means true. But to countless young Englishmen the bearers of titles are invested with a separative if often imagined charm. Lord Methuen, in the face of defeat, has deported himself gallantly. Lord Winchester, premier marquis of Great Britain, died from a bullet in his spine, at the Modder River fray, after persistent instructions to his men just how they should fire, and having had several bullets pass through his helmet. Count Gleichen, a relative of the Queen, has been badly wounded. The Earl of Airlie, though thus far unscathed, has given proof of the finest nerve. So, too, has the Earl of Dundonald, in whose society I dined one evening last winter, and whom I was surprised to hear spoken of as a soldier, since his delicate and amiable face was more suggestive of a scholar or poet, though he comes of a martial race. And now it is stated that a member of the Royal Family itself will soon depart Capeward. His rank has thus far

PARIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE ARCTIC WEATHER under which Paris is shivering does not stop work at the Exposition grounds. Many of the buildings—among them the United States pavilion—are already roofed over and the workmen are busy inside, comfortably enough.

Outside one has the impression of a vast wintry city, say a glorified convict settlement in Siberia, where frozen workmen work with frozen materials on a frozen ground. The tall masses of white buildings look drearily chilling under the clean, cold sky by the side of the semi-frozen river. Even the great fires burning in the open brazeros and the forges throwing out fitful red light in every corner of the grounds add to the wintry effect; and as evening falls, with its gray half-light, there is something uncanny in the scene. One shudders as one passes and hurries home. The authorities, however—too busy to be affected by such sentimentalism—are very cheerful over the progress made. There is no fear now that everything will not be ready for the opening.

By the time this letter reaches New York, the first instalment of the United States exhibits, shipped on the *Prairie*, will have been received in France. By the middle of January it is expected that exhibitors will begin to pour into Paris from all the ends of the earth. And when they come they will find nothing to prevent them going ahead to set out their shows with all the expedition they can muster.

Here is a day at "the great conspiracy trial" at the Haute Cour.

Inside, the Senators slumber resignedly through the endless repetitions of unimportant evidence except when, every now and then, one of them, to show that he is awake, raises a most unjudicial protest. Then the younger accusés have a little fling. M. Cailly, the belligerent boy, yells "Silence, MM. les juges," or M. Brunet calls for a "Cork, a cork," with which to stop the mouth of protest. And the hapless president, habituated to the decorum of the Sénat, manifestly does not know how to handle the heterogeneous collection of superexcited witnesses and accusés who persist in audaciously disturbing the slumbers of the bored judges. Every day there are two or three brief scenes of violence and a couple of suspensions to break the general monotony. But every day the Parisian, rising, is surprised afresh to find that the journals expect him still to read

reports of Haute Cour sittings. Paris cannot take the thing seriously—either the plot or the trial of the plotters. Every one is very weary for the moment of political sensation.

There is something ludicrous about the diplomatic storm raised between France and England over the anti-English number of "Le Rire." Two bohemian artists of Montmartre, Villette and Léandre, happen to think one day of taking advantage of the South African War to launch a budget of anti-English caricature. They turn out their contribution to the gayety of nations—very good stuff, too, in vigorous satiric vein—and in half a day there is trouble in the Chancelleries. Mr. Chamberlain boils over with wrathful words; the English papers take up the cry; the French press shrieks back a defiance; the quips and cranks and jocund wiles, pictorial and verbal, raise an international question. For a little while the air smells of powder; there is talk of gunboats. And the artists, happy as two children who have set a house on fire, decide to repeat their little experiment. They are hard at work on another fire-cracker of the same resonant brand—all the more intent on its fabrication on account of certain personal grudges against the English which both yearn to satisfy.

HENRI DUMAY.



THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH TREASON TRIAL BEFORE THE SENATE, SITTING AS A HIGH COURT, AT PARIS. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS ALL THE PRISONERS IN THE DOCK, GUARDED BY GENDARMES. ON JANUARY 3 THE TRIAL ENDED AND A VERDICT OF GUILTY WAS RETURNED AGAINST MM. DÉROULÈDE AND GUÉRIN, WHO WERE THE LEADERS IN THE CONSPIRACY TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT. THIS OFFENCE CARRIES A SENTENCE OF FIVE OR TEN YEARS' "DETENTION" UNDER SAFEGUARD, OR BANISHMENT. (1. DÉROULÈDE. 2. GUÉRIN.)

prevented the Duke of Connaught from carrying out this desire, but now the new appointment of Field Marshal Lord Roberts will remove all such obstacle.

I have lately discovered to exist at Ealing, one of London's most patrician suburbs, a Toy Hospital. Here a rich gentleman, with rather subtly charitable views, has established an institution at which all (or nearly all) the broken toys anybody will send him undergo merciful treatment. Other hospitals of a more pitiful and human sort are gladdened (and especially at Christmastide) by the cured patients which the Ealing organization sends them. Children in various stages of illness receive gifts which they may suspect of previous usage, but which are very welcome, notwithstanding. The Ealing hospital might be aptly named a surgery; for thitherward flock dolls with battered heads, with legless bodies, with disfigured visages. "The knife," as in all surgeries, must hold dreadful sway, and the saw, too, does its yet more dolorous part. Though the dolls are indeed living things to the pale little hands that reach out for them, there are still occasions when even the most ardent anti-vivisectionists must pause and draw a line.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



MCBRIDE, YALE



HARE, U. OF P.



HILLEBRAND, PRINCETON



POE, PRINCETON



BROWN, YALE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR
ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

ALL-AMERICA TEAM
FOR 1899

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

GUARDS

ONE MAN on the Pennsylvania team stands out, and has stood out all through the season just as he did last year, and that is Hare. While he is unquestionably one of the best guards on the gridiron to-day, I do not think it is because he is particularly fitted for that position. In fact, I think he would make a tackle that no one could stand before. His style of play is rather more after the tackle order than that of a guard, but I presume and believe from what I have seen of the man that he could play end, quarter, half, centre, or full-back, all with such distinction as to be selected for an All-America team in almost any one of the places on the field. The man has in him a fighting spirit, and is fast and strong, and when these three things are combined there is almost no position to which they may not lead. Hare showed at his best in defensive work in the Harvard game, and in defensive work in the Cornell game in the second half. During the first half of that game he was not thoroughly warmed up. He runs well with the ball and tackles admirably, especially out at the ends, and saved his team several times from disaster by this ability.

Brown of Yale, while not as showy a man as Hare, and seldom used to run with the ball, has demonstrated, by the way in which he faced Burden, Edwards and other guards, that he deserves the place which he enjoyed last year on the All-America team. While not thoroughly fit at any time during the season, his condition has not materially affected his real play in important games. As soon as he has lined up on the field he has played his game, no matter how used up he might look or feel when resting on the side lines. Furthermore, he has been sent into every game that Yale played this year at some time or other during the contest. His strongest point is his ability to get through, and it was this that broke up Harvard's plays behind the line; for between him and Stillman it was difficult for Harvard to get the run and interference started.

Edwards of Princeton certainly played a strong game against Yale, and that was the game which counted by all odds the most for the New Jersey eleven. I am inclined to think that the centre plunging indulged in by Yale in their attempts to gain ground upon that occasion was particularly adapted to Edwards's style, more than the game which would have shot outside his tackles and made it necessary for him to work through.

He has not in past seasons, nor in this season in other games, been especially strong in plays where quick changes of position were required, and that is not to be wondered at, as he is a very heavy man. He possesses, however, one attribute which seldom goes with this type of solidity, and that is a very keen eye for the play, and so far as it is not necessary to move to get on the run he is quick and active, and where it is but a step or a lunge of the body and arms he is good and makes a reliable protection for his quarter and for his interference to get started.

Wright of Columbia I should be inclined to class in the guards' position where he has formerly played, and especially so with such centres as Overfield and Cunningham in the list. It would give us a better chance to use him, and he is fully equipped for the position. Strong, big, long-armed and aggressive, he should make a fine mate for France of Michigan. France is a strong defensive player, whose merit was recognized last season and who has made a perceptible progress this year. It is in no small measure due to his careful work that the men behind the line on Michigan's team secured such admirable starts when going out at the end, and he deserves credit for this part of the work as well as for his breaking through.

Burden of Harvard has put up a substantially good game, although not a brilliant one. He is steady, strong, and active. His only difficulty, if one may criticise it, is his tendency to play along the same lines and not to vary his work sufficiently. However, he has been able to hold his own against his opponents in almost every instance, and for the most part his game has been better than the play he has faced. He is not a particularly aggressive player, and in this, if anywhere, lies his weakness.

Trout of Lafayette was a pronouncedly powerful man in a line that was strong enough to make it necessary for a man to be good in order to keep up to the class. He was a worker and yet a dashing player when roused. His defence was exceptionally strong.

The Brown guards Whitmore and Melendy, as well as Warner of Cornell and Olcott of Yale, were men whom it seems hard to leave unplaced.

Teas of the University of Pennsylvania played an admirable game in the Cornell match. He has done some good work at other times in the season, but his best by all odds, as in fact the best of the entire Pennsylvania team, was shown in that game. There he was stronger even than Hare in assisting the runner, and pushed, dragged, and in other ways aided McCracken in a way that would attract the attention of even the most stolid spectator. His general play was good, and he was very helpful on the defence.

Longacre of Columbia is another good guard, and when in condition is especially strong on defensive work. It is hard to make a hole through his position or to separate him so as to alley the ball through.

CENTRES

Of centres, there is considerable doubt in my mind as to the value of Overfield and Cunningham. Their style of game is radically different, but both styles are effective. Overfield is, however, more useful in the open field on kicks, and in emergencies can be thoroughly counted upon to stand. The Michigan man is heavier

and is also very quick, a good tackler, and an admirable man in supporting the middle of the line until the plays behind him are well off.

Burnett of Harvard, owing to his ability to place-kick, is an exceptionally valuable man, and played more of his games out than did Booth of Princeton.

Wright of Columbia is a good man, strong, active and able. He is a good guard also, but as centre his work was of particular assistance to Columbia in one of their most important games of the year, and his handling of Yale centre went far toward giving Columbia that notable and creditable victory.

Pierson of Cornell until he met Overfield looked to be first class, but the Pennsylvanian was too much for him, just as he had been for Cunningham.

Chesbro of Brown and Black of Williams deserve mention.

QUARTERS

Of quarter-backs this season has produced no new ones of exceptional brilliancy. Certainly none that could outshine the old. Hutchinson of Princeton, perhaps, came as near as any one, and Wilson of Columbia, who, however, is no new star, played a good game.

Daly of Harvard was not quite as strong as last season, but was strong enough to eclipse, save in the matter of drop-kicking, all of the quarter-backs of the year. He handled his team well, used good judgment, passed the ball accurately, was a certain catcher back of the line, and a frequent gainer on running the ball back.

In Kennedy, Chicago has the best quarter-back in the West, and a man of wholly different type from Daly, but of especial quality. He is a heavy-weight, and not only gets into the defence, but is practically the leader of the interference of his own side.

Hudson of the Indian team is another man who deserves a great deal of credit and whose team at the end of the season played first-class football. Besides his ability to handle the ball, he is a well-known drop-kicker, which is a large point in his favor.

Wilson of Columbia deserves special mention as a quarter, although he was laid up for a considerable portion of the season. When he did play, especially in the early part of the fall, and in one or two games, notably that with Yale, he was exceptionally strong in getting the play off well and handling the ball nicely.

Wilmath of Wisconsin is also a first-class man, and would be up to the standard on any Eastern team.

In such a profusion of quarter-backs there are many good men who are likely to be lost sight of. Fincke of Yale promises well as a coming man. Hutchinson of Princeton during the early part of the Yale game handled his team, the ball and his plays with excellent effect. He was not quite as strong in that match as usual in his handling the ball back of the line on kicks and running it back, but in games outside this he displayed an especial ability in this respect.

Young of Cornell is another first-class man who will yet prove his position.

WALTER CAMP.

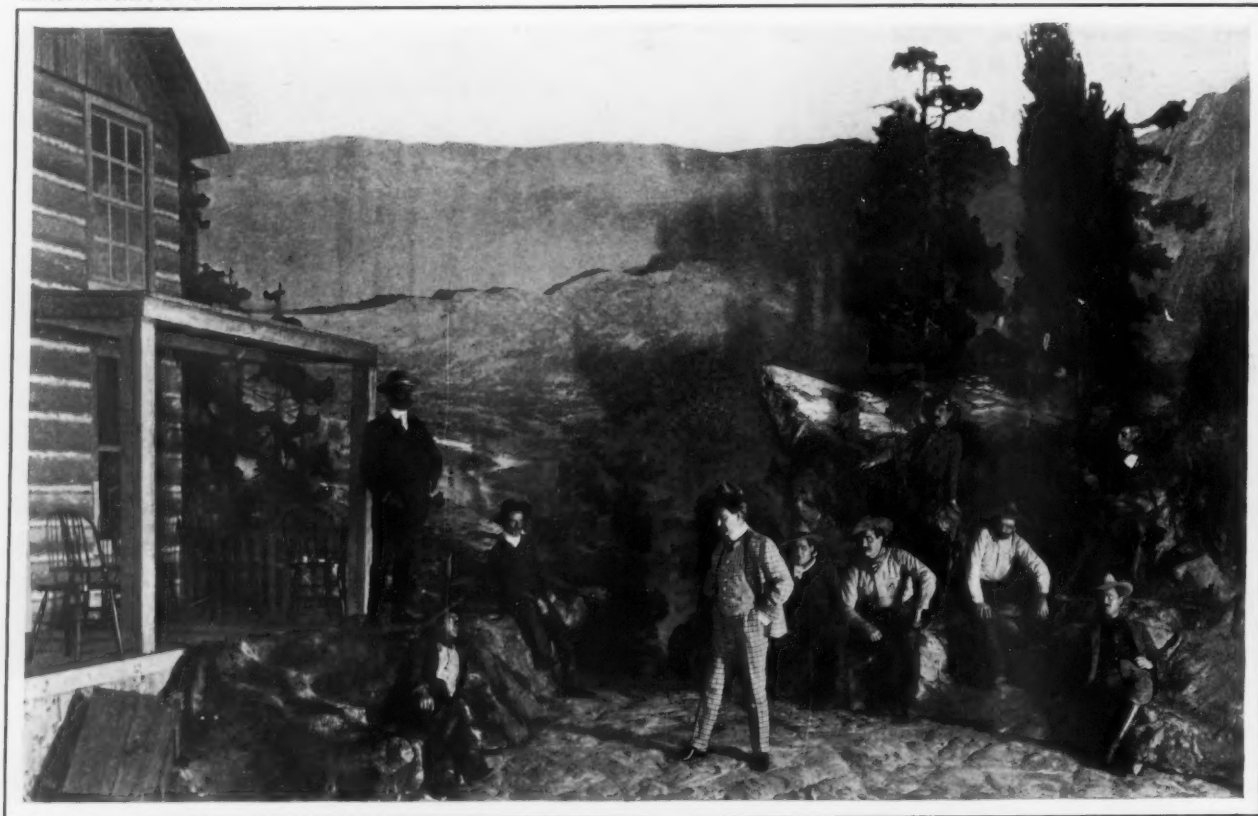
NOTE.—It becomes necessary to carry over to the next issue the conclusion of the "All-America Team." In that number will also appear the "Football Review for 1899."

W. C.



COLUMBIA VS. CORNELL.—ILLUSTRATING CORNELL'S DEFENCE; WALBRIDGE REACHING RUNNER ON PLAY THROUGH TACKLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

"TEDDY NORTH"
MR. N. C. GOODWIN

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT I

THE DRAMA

AT THE Knickerbocker Theatre Mr. N. C. Goodwin and his wife, Miss Maxine Elliott, are presenting "The Cowboy and the Lady," by Mr. Clyde Fitch. The comedy, first tried in Philadelphia last spring, failed when given a few weeks later by Mr. Goodwin in London. This failure, however, did not necessarily impair its value in the American market; toward American plays, in spite of their fondness for "Secret Service," the Londoners are known to be extremely captious. So the piece has since found favor in several of our cities. In New York it has received considerable criticism, but it draws good houses. It can hardly be set down, however, as one of Mr. Fitch's more important successes, and it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Goodwin has in preparation a new play by that clever young Englishman, Mr. H. V. Esmond. "The Cowboy and the Lady" is Fitchesque, to be sure, but less in the familiar Fitch manner than "The Moth and the Flame" or "Nathan Hale." Mr. Fitch always betrays his hand in his treatment of his "comedy women." He loves to hold women up to ridicule. With his heroine, a flirtatious but rather high-minded creature, married to a man whom she justly calls a "beast," and with his soubrette, Midge, a Western waif, a type evidently suggested by Bret Harte, he keeps himself very well in hand. But when he deals with the "pianiste" of the Western dance-hall in the second act, he absolutely lets himself go, and he has a "lovely time" in making her ridiculous. She is funny, but in a way that does not reflect the highest credit on the author.

But, to be frank, if you want to enjoy "The Cowboy and the Lady" you must not examine it very closely. It is simply Bret Harte done over again by a man who knows nothing of the life that gives vitality to Bret Harte's writing. It is all the merest sham Western life, with sham cowboys, sham ranchmen, sham episodes, sham sentiment. Nevertheless, it affords a fairly pleasant entertainment, for Mr. Fitch is skilful at his trade; that is, pleasant till the opening of the third act, when it becomes abominably dull. The first act, like so many of Mr. Fitch's first acts, is extremely pretty. If Mr. Fitch could only live up to his beginnings, he would be a first-rate dramatist, instead of a facile workman who nearly approaches a dramatic hack. But after he makes his start, he seems to think that, to concentrate the interest, he must sink into melodrama. When the curtain drops for the first time, we know that Teddy

North, an Eastern "swell," with a fondness for adventure and for picturesque clothes, has lost his head to the beautiful Mrs. Weston, whom he has rescued from death in a landslide. Mrs. Weston, who, throughout the act, has mercilessly ridiculed him for being a

into profanity in presence of the women folk. In the second act, we attend Mrs. Weston's dance in the public dance-hall. Here the melodrama begins. Weston, who surely could not be quite so black as Mr. Fitch has painted him, makes love to every pretty woman he meets, including the white sweetheart of a picturesque and comic-opera Indian, and meets his death in consequence. By a series of clumsy contrivances, Teddy North and Mrs. Weston are discovered leaning over the dead body. As suspicion points to Mrs. Weston, Teddy, with melodramatic chivalry, declares that he did the shooting. The third act gives us the trial, which, though designed to be fairly serious, is really too farcical. Teddy conducts his own case, in order, of course, that the chief performer may be kept conspicuous throughout the act. In his cross-examination of Mrs. Weston, he forces the charming widow to confess that she loves him. This achievement naturally wins great favor. It is a good example of the defect in taste that injures so much of Mr. Fitch's play-writing and incidentally helps it toward popularity. Teddy is quickly convicted by the jury, only to be released again by the confession of the truth about the murder by the Indian's sweetheart.

Of course, a piece of this sort has usefulness only because it exploits popular actors. As Teddy North, Mr. Goodwin plays with his accustomed ease and humor. He would be a really great artist if he could only interpret pathos as truthfully as he acts in pure comedy. But there are only a very few moments when he has a chance to sink into mawkishness. Miss Elliott makes Mrs. Weston very beautiful, and plays with discretion and sprightliness, even if she is unable to suggest that the woman has any depth whatever in her character. Miss Minnie Dupree has made a hit with Midge, successfully played in London by Miss Gertrude Elliott, and Mr. Burr McIntosh gives a thoroughly well-conceived impersonation of an uncouth and large-hearted Westerner.

If the first week of the opera only promised brilliancy, the second week really attained it. On Monday night Madame Semblich made her first appearance this season as Rosina, in "The Barber of Seville," an impersonation already familiar in this country. In spite of Christmas distractions, she was received by an audience of good size. This great artist has gained in breadth since she was first seen here more than a dozen years ago, and she has lost nothing in spirit and authority. Though now in middle life, she acts with the impetuosity of a young girl, and she sings with a purity and skill that makes her the only artist now living who can be compared with Madame Melba. Her voice has more warmth than Melba's, and her acting is, of course, far superior.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHOUINARD & ROGERS

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

"dude," is sketched in with a good deal of charm, and Midge, in spite of her conventionality, makes a good foil for her. The rough Westerners are amusing, too, good comedy being made out of the agreement of the men to forfeit a "quarter" every time they break

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On Wednesday evening, opera-goers had a surprise in the performance of "Don Giovanni," which introduced in the title rôle a new singer, Signor Scotti, about whom very little was known. Scotti proved to be a great acquisition, a worthy associate of Edouard de Reszke and Plançon, a baritone with a voice of beautiful quality, exceptional strength and admirable production, and an actor of temperament and authority. His Don Giovanni placed him at once among the favorites of the season. Another surprise came from the performance of Donna Elvira by Miss Suzanne Adams. A few days before, Miss Adams had been forced to sing Marguerite in "Faust" at short notice, and had made an unfortunate impression, the task proving far beyond her present abilities. The requirements of Donna Elvira, however, were easily within her range, both of voice and action. A decided success was won by Signor Pini-Corsi in the trying part of Masetto. The singer appeared under disadvantages, as he was suffering from his first experience with our climate; so a reference to his voice may be deferred till he appears again; but there can be no doubt about his extraordinary capabilities as a comedian. As Donna Anna, Madame Nordica sang with her usual eloquence of manner and beauty of tone and action. Early in her career, the younger Delarte used to say that her voice gave promise of becoming not only one of the greatest voices in her time, but in all time. That sounds like an extravagant prophecy; but the fact remains that, by untiring work, Madame Nordica has placed herself among the half dozen great dramatic singers of the century.

The most brilliant night of the second week of the opera fell on Friday, when Madame Calvé, after several days of illness, sang Marguerite. This is one of her favorite rôles, and ever since she has been in this country she has been eager to sing it. For several seasons, her ambition was not gratified, as other singers had claims on the part. When, finally, Madame Calvé did appear in Gounod's opera, she was proclaimed by her admirers as the greatest of all the modern Marguerites. Well, perhaps she is, if greatness may be gauged by the effect produced on the audience. But the Marguerite of the opera, Madame Calvé is not for one moment. When first addressed by Faust, we saw, the other night, instead of the ingenuous, frightened Gretchen, a sly, coquettish damsel, who lifted her eyes demurely, to be sure, but still with a suggestion in them of extreme sophistication. In fact, the very appearance of Madame Calvé belied the character. She wore an atrocious blond wig, and she was startlingly, almost shockingly, made up. Throughout the impersonation, she sang exquisitely, but even in her singing she created the impression of absolute assurance, an impression which Marguerite ought never to give. As the tragedy developed, however, she approached nearer the character. Her best work was done in the scene outside the church, frequently omitted, and in the prison scene, where her fervor aroused great enthusiasm. Her representation has been praised because of its originality; but "originality" may be a serious fault, when it violates the spirit of a character.

The best of all the Marguerites in recent years has been Madame Eames. In her earlier seasons here, Madame Eames made the rôle practically her own. Then the enormous success of "Faust" with our audiences, as well as the attractiveness of the character for a purely lyric singer, induced Madame Melba to claim the right to appear in it. In the matter of singing the part, Madame Melba quite outshone Madame Eames; but in all other particulars, her interpretation was vastly inferior. The late Anton Seidl used to say that Madame Eames made Marguerite seem like a beautiful chatelaine, instead of a simple peasant girl, which was true enough. Like Madame Calvé, Madame Eames does not even now wholly realize the character in personal appearance; but her Marguerite has many of the essential qualities, dignity, simplicity, the bearing of innocence, and great charm. No one has equalled Madame Eames in the treatment of the garden scene, and her fervor in the prison scene is even more dramatic and inspiring than Madame Calvé's. It is to be hoped that in future Madame Calvé will confine herself chiefly to those rôles which suit her peculiar temperament. Mr. Grau has promised to let us see her later in the season in the Hérodias of Mossenet, which ought to suit her perfectly. It is also said that she will be chosen to create the character of Zaza in the opera of this name, which is to be prepared from the play in which Mrs. Carter has made so great a success. With Calvé as Zaza, Mrs. Carter may well fear competition.

Mr. Grau has strengthened his forces by engaging for the opera season the most promising of all the younger Wagnerian performers, Madame Gadske. Besides being a great singer, Gadske is a very powerful actress. Though she has considerable experience, she is still under thirty years of age. So her best work is still before her, for the prime of a Wagnerian singer comes late. Madame Gadske will make a splendid support for Madame Nordica and Madame Ternina, on whom the burden of interpreting the Wagnerian heroines was placed early in the season.

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